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OCTOBER 31, 1960

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Next week

Ray Terrell visits the Border Conference to watch free-wheeling desert country football. Arizona State vs. New Mexico State will be the focus of Football's Seventh Week.

For the first time ever, the unforgettable Bobby Jones tells in his own words the story of his life with golf. First of two parts from his forthcoming autobiography.

In a world beset by French menus, crassness Manhattan gourmet Stanley Walker, now a Texas chuck wagon diner, makes a plea for plain talk and honest fare in the kitchen.



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MEMO from the publisher

THERE WAS a sameness to golf in the Twenties," Herbert Warren Wind has written in *The Story of American Golf*. "Jones nearly always won." It was, of course, a "sameness" as far removed from monotony as high noon from midnight. And with it Robert T. Jones Jr., the incomparable perfectionist from Atlanta, raised both himself and golf to an eminence and respect from which neither has ever since declined.



ROBERT T. JONES JR.

But if there was a special sort of sameness to golf in those bright years of the first Golden Age of Sport, what of the single year 1930? Then, within a tense, brief span of four months, that sameness reached a climax of unprecedented and nearly incredible achievement. In succession Bob Jones won the British Amateur, the British Open, the U.S. Open and the U.S. Amateur—a feat ever after called the Grand Slam, a title borrowed of necessity from a somewhat more sedentary game, then entering, with golf, a permanent ascendancy. The expression well described the completeness of Jones's triumph, and

it is small wonder that it had no equivalent in the vocabulary of the fairways. For nothing like Jones's 1930 performance had ever happened before or, in fact, been more than wistfully contemplated; it has never happened again. Since 1930 the four-minute barrier of the mile has been broken; Everest has been conquered; and various unbeatable records have been beaten. But the "impregnable quadrilateral" has not once been even seriously threatened.

Countless words were written about the Grand Slam as it happened; countless more came after. Many are enduring in the literature of golf, notable among them those by such close and careful critics of the game as Bernard Darwin, O. B. Keeler, Grantland Rice and Herb Wind.

Until now, however, the story has not been told by the one man qualified beyond all others to tell it. Next week in *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* Bob Jones begins his own account of the Grand Slam and the events that led up to it in the first of two parts taken from his book *Golf Is My Game*, which Doubleday is publishing November 4.

As he played golf, so Robert T. Jones Jr. writes about it—with skill and style and a rare ability to reward the attention of his gallery.

Robert T. Jones Jr.

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Events and Discoveries of the Week

THE INSIDE TRACK

• Promoter Jack Kramer is planning a little post-Christmas surprise for the USLTA: as soon as Davis Cup play is completed (Dec. 28), Kramer will offer Barry MacKay and Earl (Butch) Buchholz professional tennis contracts (\$50,000 each for three years). Kramer feels the failure of the International Lawn Tennis Federation to authorize open tennis has freed him of any responsibility to "protect" the amateur game.

• Good bet for manager of the Chicago Cubs is 31-year-old Elvin Tappe, once an obscure catcher with the club and now one of its coaches. Tappe has survived three managerial changes, might not balk at the new Cub policy of front-office control.

• Houston is now virtually sealed off to National Football League expansion. Bud Adams, president of Houston's AFL Oilers, has joined the group that controls the new stadium, and all prospective tenants will have to deal with him.

• Tired of pro basketball's tough travel schedule, Celtic Coach Red Auerbach is expected to resign after this season to devote full time to his duties as general manager. Auerbach's successor: Bob Cousy.

• Worried over spotty attendance, American Football League owners will cut ticket prices, which now range up to \$7.50 for an air-conditioned box seat in Houston. Said Oakland Owner Don Blanding: "It's obvious that people are not going to pay the same price to see our team play as they pay to see the San Francisco 49ers of the NFL."

THE NEW NAVY

Navy's football team has given up girls, and that's one of the reasons the team is undefeated and untied through six games. So says Coach Wayne Hardin. "The kids are willing to pay the price of winning," he says. "They've vowed not to party until after we've played Army. There was

a big social function after the Washington game. There were sorority girls there. The boys just said, 'How do you do?' and that was it. Last year at Penn they threw us a big party with models; it was great. They wanted to do the same after Saturday's game with Penn, but our kids said they didn't want any part of it." The faint rumbling you hear from the direction of Annapolis is John Paul Jones turning over in his crypt.

FORMULA FOR UPLIFT

Dr. Peter V. Karpovich of Springfield College, premier researcher in the physiology of athletes, believes that some sports performances can be predicted scientifically. In 1958 he said



that the weight-lifting record for the 148-pound class was too low and predicted that the new record would be 866.6 pounds. Later that year, a Russian broke the record with 865.5 pounds.

Dr. Karpovich's prediction formula for weight lifting is:

$\text{Log } W = 1.4718 + .6748 \text{ Log } B_w$, where W is the sum of three lifts and B_w is the lifter's body weight.

According to this formula, the 270-pound Russian, Vlasov, should have lifted 1,296 pounds at the Rome Olympic Games. Vlasov lifted only 1,184½ pounds. But Dr. Karpovich has an explanation: "Vlasov carried an

excess 40 pounds of fat." The formula was willing, but the flesh was weak.

BLOOMFIELD'S BUILDER

In 1957 Iowa Coach Forest Evashevski said: "The one real value of football is to teach a boy the desire to go out and win. . . . Good sportsmanship? You don't teach that in college football. If a boy isn't a good sport by the time we get him . . . we won't be able to correct him."

Evvy later regretted his candor, but most psychologists would support the thesis that character is built at home and in the lower schools. A high school coach, for example, can build character, though not all of them try. One who did, with exemplary results, was Bill Foley of Bloomfield High in New Jersey. Foley died the other day, age 70. He was Bloomfield's football coach from 1915 to 1950—and most of that time taught basketball and baseball as well. His football teams won 207 games, lost 84 and were tied 33 times. Seven of them won state championships, four were undefeated and one, the 1935 team, was unscored upon. (After that season the school's new stadium was named, understandably enough, Foley Field.)

Although the Bloomfield teams were called Foley's Fighting Irishmen, his players often were of Polish descent, and Foley sometimes employed ancestral pride as a spur. In one game in 1933 a dissatisfied Foley asked his squad at half time: "How many Poles on this team?" A good many hands went up. "All right," Foley said, "your mothers and fathers came over here to give you a better chance. Go out and show 'em what you can do." An all-Polish eleven started the second half, and after it had scored three touchdowns some of the Irish got back in.

Foley never saw anything wrong with winning, but he was not engaged in the mass production of muscleheads. Over the years he received hundreds of thank-you letters from ex-players who had succeeded in a variety of careers. One came from a New York advertising executive who played on the 1932 and 1933 teams, received a football scholarship to Upsala and there won a Firestone sales scholarship that ultimately led to his present position. But for Foley

continued

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and football, he said, he would not have been able to attend college.

Foley's answer was a fair measure of the man:

"I was very grateful and humiliated by your kind and flattering letter; grateful to have you tell me that my work and efforts helped you in some way to achieve a better life, and humiliated to know that when I was doing that work, that you say meant so much to you, I was damning myself, the school and the world at large for choosing a profession that made of me a crab, a driver, a pest to live with and seemed so unimportant in the scheme of life."

THAT'S WHAT THE LADY SAID

Coach DeWitt Weaver of Texas Tech was talking on his sidelines phone to spotters in the press box, trying to pull the Baylor game out of the fire. A woman in the stands regarded him with disdain. "No wonder his team is losing," she said. "He spends all his time on the telephone."

DENS VS. REPS

The presidential candidates have enlisted professional athletes as vote getters. There are sportsmen for Nixon and for Kennedy out on the hustings, talking about double plays, double faults and right crosses and then slipping in plugs for their man.

Nixon apparently has cornered the market on jockeys (Arcaro, Atkinson, Longden), tennis players (Talbert, Trabert, MacKay) and golfers (Hogan, Snead, Casper). Kennedy is strong with pro football men (Unitas, Van Brocklin, Lipascomb) and boxers (Braddock, Walcott, Fullmer). The baseball vote is split: Mays, Musial, DiMaggio for Kennedy; Groat, Williams, Banks for Nixon. Nixon has no basketball player, but Kennedy has Cousy. On the other hand, Nixon has Weissmuller, and Kennedy has no swimmers.

As Harry Balogh used to say, "May the superior adversary emerge victorious."

THE KING IS DEAD

From Leipzig's Chess Olympics last week came proof the Communists cannot be all bad. The East Germans, inspired by dialectical materialism and the October Revolution, have redesigned the chess pieces. The king is

no longer a king; he is a "worker reading a Communist economic plan." The queen is a "female scientist with her hair in a bun." The bishop is "a relay runner." The castle is "a factory worker with a submachine gun." The pawns are ordinary workers.

This will make the teaching of chess much simpler. To start a young chessnik off, you simply tell him that the worker reading a Communist economic plan may move in any direction one space at a time. The female scientist with her hair in a bun may move in any direction any number of spaces. The idea of the game is to line up your relay runners and factory workers with submachine guns and your lady scientist with her hair in a bun and surround the worker reading a Communist economic plan so that he cannot move. We predict a resurgence of this grand old game.

BEAST OF THE WILLOWOOD

In the wilds of New Jersey the most hated animal is the raccoon. He comes on little raccoon feet in the dark of night, scavenging the succulent leavings from suburbia's festive board. Once having clattered his way into a garbage can, he proceeds to scatter the leavings all over the crab grass. He is the death of sleep.

The other night a New Jersey commuter was just starting to put on his pajamas when he heard the familiar sounds of a coon at work. The citizen grabbed up his trusty Czech air rifle and a handful of pellets. He rushed out the back door, completely nude, and drew a bead on the coon (which just sat there staring him down).

Our hero fired at point-blank range and, of course, missed. But he did succeed in driving the animal to a previously prepared position in the carport, where he had stashed some food. More shots, more misses. Meanwhile, the shooter's wife had been busy turning on the outside lights. This finally scared off the coon, not to mention a passing motorist, and the midnight gambol and frolic were over.

Why, the man wondered, had the coon been so contemptuous of him and his rifle? His wife had a theory. "It wasn't afraid of you because you were naked. It thought you were one of them—a beast of the willowood."

Which brings to mind the Groucho Marxian: "I remember the time I shot an elephant in my pajamas. How he got into them I'll never know."

FACES IN THE CROWD



JANE PAIGE, blonde, blue-eyed Wellesley sophomore who finished third from last in 1959, outlasted 18 male competitors over 5½-mile out-and-backing Hotel home first in singlehanded International class race held at Larchmont (N.Y.) Yacht Club.



WILLIAM LOMBARDY, 22-year-old Bronx student and fervent Yankee fan, former world junior chess champion with a calm, steady style of play, was one of four men named to rank of International Grand Master at chess convention in Leipzig, East Germany.



Sergeant **JACK LAXSON** of the Army, former Fort Ord, Calif. golf pro now stationed in Heidelberg, Germany, shot a three-under-par 225 to edge Marine Phil Rodgers, defending champion, for first place in annual In-Service tournament held at Fort Ord.



CAROLA BEHRENS of Caracas, Venezuela, mother of four and wife of an International golfer, rode Mi-Tipo to the best two-round score, led her team to a Prix des Nations jumping victory over U.S., Ireland, Canada and Mexico at Harrisburg horse show.



REX WHITE, 5-foot-4-inch Spartanburg, S.C. "stoker" (driver who waits for leaders to fade), finished sixth in National 490 stock car race, boosted point total to 19,816 to clinch NARCAR Grand National title without winning any of eight most important races.



BILL MANN, Parway detective from Huron, S. Dak., using his own barrel chest as a sounding board, tossed past 25 competitors, scored 278½ of a possible 400 points to capture his second world goose-eating championship at Missouri Valley, Iowa.

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BOATS

EDITORIALS

LADY LUCK AND THE LAW

Gambling in the U.S. extends from the cellars of the underworld to the penthouses of the wealthy, touching on its way the tenement, the middle-class home, the police precinct, legislative halls and political clubs. It is operated by syndicates whose personnel includes the same types that became millionaires when Americans thought they could legislate alcohol out of the appetite.

In an enlightening special report in *The Nation*, Milton R. Wessel, head of the short-lived U.S. Attorney General's Special Group on Organized Crime, "conservatively" estimates that the American public now spends \$47 billion a year on illegal gambling alone—"a figure bigger than the national defense budget." Organized crime takes out of this enormous handle a gross profit of \$9 billion and pays police and politicians \$4.5 billion for protection. All judicial authorities agree that this revenue not only finances good living for bad men but also provides the capital for a variety of crimes.

Although the policy game is a major source of illegal gambling profit, betting on sports is, per-

haps, the largest in revenue and public interest. Estes Kefauver's Senate subcommittee will be concerned with certain phases of sports gambling when it reconvenes in December. We hope this committee and other legislative inquiries will at least turn a bright light on criminal control of gambling and its intrusions in sport. Light will help, but more is needed. Wessel proposed an Office on Syndicated Crime within the Department of Justice. He was ignored. He now suggests that the President appoint a U.S. Attorney-at-Large for a continuing war on syndicated crime.

We agree with Wessel that laws should be enforced, but we also say it is the responsibility of legislators to make sensible and enforceable laws. A good many public officials "drink wet and vote dry" on gambling, just as their predecessors quite literally did in the dark days of Prohibition. They are, for the most part, fearful of a minority that holds any form of gambling to be evil. We recognize, but do not endorse, that point of view. We do not see how any man who is accustomed to taking the calculated risks inherent in a free society—and not necessarily with his money—can totally subscribe to it.

As long as gambling is outlawed it will remain in the control of criminals. Parallel with the enforcement of laws against gambling excesses and vicious types of exploitation of public naiveté, we believe that some legal, honest and restrained gambling not only is possible but desirable.

BAD BUSINESS

Jamin, the champion French trotter who loved artichokes, earned a warm place in sportsmen's affections last year when he won the first International Trot in New York. Back in Europe in the spring and summer of this year Jamin suffered defeats and went lame. Nevertheless, he was brought here again this fall to compete in two "internationals." His dismal performances in the October 11 race and in the one last week at Yonkers Raceway confirmed expert opinion that the horse is far below his form. His very presence at Yonkers Raceway was enough to attract thousands of dollars—and thousands of enthusiastic

fans who were not told that the champ was in no shape to win.

Mme. Oiry-Roederer, of the French champagne family, is reported to be considering a deal for Jamin with an American syndicate; it may have been calculated that the horse's "exposure," as the publicity men call it, would help the deal. In view of Jamin's poor display, this may turn out to have been a major miscalculation.

But what concerns us is that a famous horse has been made to compete in widely publicized races when he was plainly unfit to do so. This is unfair to spectators and bettors. It demeans the horse and adds nothing to the stature of those who manage him or of harness racing.

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COMING EVENTS

October 28 to November 3

All times are E S T unless otherwise noted

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Friday, October 28

BASKETBALL (pre)
Boston at New York.
Los Angeles at Philadelphia.

BOXING
Brown vs. Andrade, light title bout, 15 rds.,
Los Angeles.

FOOTBALL (pre)
Los Angeles Chargers at Boston (N).
Golfed at New York Titans (N).

Saturday, October 29

BASKETBALL (pre)
Cincinnati at St. Louis.
Los Angeles at Syracuse.
♦ New York at Detroit, 2 p.m. E.D.T. (NBC)
Philadelphia at Boston.

BOXING
♦ Thompson vs. Ortega, welter, 10 rds., Mad.
Sq. Garden, New York, 10 p.m. E.D.T. (ABC)

FOOTBALL (pre)
Arkansas at Texas A&M (N).
Alabama at Florida.

♦ Baylor at TCU.
♦ California at Oregon State (ABC).
Dartmouth at Yale.

Georgia Tech at Duke.
Harvard at Purdue.
Kansas at Iowa.

♦ LSU at Mississippi (ABC).
Michigan at Wisconsin.
Missouri at Nebraska.

♦ Navy vs. Notre Dame at Philadelphia (ABC,
Mail).
♦ New Mexico State at Arizona State (N).

North Carolina at Tennessee.
North Carolina State at UCLA (N).
♦ Ohio State at Michigan State (ABC).
Oregon at Washington.

Pittsburgh at Syracuse.
Utah at Wyoming.

GOLF
♦ All-Star Golf series, Middleval vs. Boney,
2 p.m. in each time zone (ABC).

HARNESS RACING
American Trotting Classic, \$75,000, Ingleside,
Calif. (also Nov. 5 and Nov. 11)

HORSE RACING
The Garden State, \$100,000 added, Garden State
Park, N.J.
Swing Club Gold Cup, \$100,000 added, Aqueduct,
N.Y.

HUNT RACE MEETING
Virginia Fall Races, Middleburg, Va.

MOTOR SPORTS
BUCA multi-race, El Paso (also Oct. 30).

Sunday, October 30

FOOTBALL (pre)
♦ Baltimore at Dallas (CBS-TV, Mutualradio).
♦ Chicago at San Francisco (CBS).
♦ Cleveland at Washington (CBS, Sports Net-
work).

♦ Dallas Texans at Denver (ABC).
Detroit at Los Angeles.
♦ Green Bay at Pittsburgh (CBS, NBC).
♦ Houston at Buffalo (ABC).

♦ St. Louis at New York (ABC).
MOTOR SPORTS
NASCAR Grand Nat. dressage, \$10,045, Atlanta.
USAC Big Car champs., \$7,500, Sacramento.

Monday, October 31

BOWLING
♦ Jackson Bowling, Selesse vs. Hoover, 10:30
9 p.m. (NBC)

Tuesday, November 1

BASKETBALL (pre)
Philadelphia at Cincinnati.

HORSE SHOW
National Horse Show, Mad. Sq. Garden, New
York (through Nov. 3).

Wednesday, November 2

BASKETBALL (pre)
New York vs. Los Angeles at Detroit.
St. Louis at Detroit.

Thursday, November 3

HARNESS RACING
World Championship trot, \$25,000, Yonkers,
N.Y.

*See local listing

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MIGHTY LEAP

by JOHN O'REILLY

WHEN Hurricane Donna passed over the Florida Keys seven weeks ago in a terrifying welter of wind and water, it left behind a population stunned, cut off from the mainland, almost helpless. Across the nation, too, it left hundreds of thousands of Americans who knew and loved the Keys wondering wheth-

er this year, or even next, they would be able to visit, fish and play there again. This is the question Photographer Richard Meek and I set out to answer last week, for until now the full story of what happened on that thin green line of islands during the night of September 9 has not been told, nor has anyone attempted to



FROM RUIN

assess the damage done and the prospects for reconstruction.

Donna was the worst hurricane to strike the Keys in a quarter century. Here is what the storm did:

- From Rock Harbor to Marathon, over a stretch of 50 miles, the destruction in many areas was as complete as though the islands had been

under an air and artillery barrage.

- The Overseas Highway linking the islands to the mainland was broken in five places, with one bridge ripped out entirely and the approaches to others washed away.

- Driven by winds which blew as high as 180 mph, and possibly even 200, successive walls of water up to

12 feet high surged inland, gutting hotels and larger buildings, tearing motel cottages from their foundations, carrying docks, trailers, houseboats and other forms of habitation out into the bays and inlets.

- In the town of Marathon, 80% of all buildings suffered major damage.

- In Islamorada, little more than concrete and stone foundations remained to testify that one of the Keys' most popular fishing centers once stood there.

- Telephone and telegraph lines, power lines and water supplies were disrupted along the entire 50-mile stretch of major damage.

It would seem from this that the Keys would be a long time coming back, and that visitors this winter might seek their favorite vacation spots in vain. But the big news in the Keys today is no longer what Donna did. The big news is how the islanders are winning a race against time in an inspiring work of reconstruction. Many of the facilities the Keys traditionally have offered will be ready in time for the coming season.

The spirit of reconstruction that animates the Keys is felt the moment one leaves the mainland on the Overseas Highway. Moving westward are trucks laden with building materials. Cars and station wagons roll along carrying lumber inside and on top. The trucks of roofing contractors drag their tar tanks behind them. Prime movers hauling storm-battered trailers eastward pass shiny new trailers being moved in to house people while they rebuild their homes. Telephone repairmen roost on new poles like birds. Machines claw at the earth to bury long-line cables. At numerous points along the route smoke columns rise into the bright, tropic sky to mark places where the wreckage and debris of the mighty storm is being collected and burned.

Now and in the weeks immediately

continued

UNEXPECTED NEW FEATURE of Tavernier's Theater of the Sea is house that was washed into porpoise pool. It has proved so popular it will be kept there.

Photographs by Richard Mee





OFFSHORE GUIDE Cliff Carpenter tied his boat in the mangrove swamps. "She looked like a boat in a spider web," he said, "but she rode it out all right."

FLORIDA KEYS continued

to come the banging of hammers will be the dominant sound of the Keys. Already, despite many obstacles, most of the less badly damaged motels are in operation. By the first of the year visitors should find at least 80% of the tourist housing facilities open for business. This is an approximation, for some of the owners don't know themselves whether they can make it. In many instances the rate

of rebuilding will depend on insurance adjustments. Most policies specified that the insurance companies were responsible for wind damage but not for that caused by rising waters, and arguments over this point have caused considerable bitterness. Property owners are seeking to prove as much wind damage as possible while insurance adjusters are trying to establish wave damage. How quickly many people can rebuild depends on the outcome of these struggles.

Fishing guides who run offshore charter boats were among the first to resume functioning. Most of these guides are veterans wise in the ways of hurricanes. When it became evident that Donna would hit the Keys, they took their boats to previously determined moorings deep in the mangroves. These primitive trees with their tangled roots form a natural barrier against the highest winds. A few boats were sunk or washed up on distant islands in Florida Bay, but even these have been retrieved. By the time the season gets under way almost 100% of the charter-boat men will be operating.

Docks, of course, were washed away, but these are being rebuilt. Meanwhile, the boats are using substitute facilities. The bonefishing guides lost some of their boats and motors, but these, being smaller, are more easily replaced. The Islamorada Guides Association, which includes 42 members and 30 offshore boats, expects to be in full-scale operation by December 1. The Marathon Guides Association, with 44 members and 30 boats, has the same target date.

Our survey began near Rock Harbor, on Key Largo. There we found Tom Cadenhead, who operates the Mandalay Fishing Camp, repairing a boat engine. He wore an old Marine Corps hat and a wide grin.

"I'm luckier than most," he said. "I had only about \$30,000 damage."

He indicated the new concrete dock already built to replace the wooden one that had washed away. Then he led the way into the nearby woods, which were a clutter of hurricane debris. As he walked he pointed out his ruined refrigerators and the remains of the wooden dock. At one point he exclaimed, "There's my wife's desk. We've been looking all over for that." Fishing around in a pile of papers beside the smashed desk,

he pulled out a couple of checkbooks.

Back at the dock we boarded a skiff and Cadenhead steered for Hurricane Creek, where many boats had ridden out the storm in the mangroves. He showed us where each boat had been tied up in the thick tangle.

"It was a strange-looking boatyard but it saved our boats," he said. "We're operating now, and by December 1 we'll be back 100%."

At Tavernier, Captain Cliff Carpenter sat on his porch and told how he had saved his boat, the *Sher-Chif*, by hiding her in the mangroves off Tavernier Creek. "I had her tied all over with 700 feet of three-quarter



BONEFISH GUIDE Dick Withers is cheerful in the face of disaster. "My place was built according to the building code," he says, "but it went anyway."

nylon line," he said. Captain Carpenter lost his dock but is working from another until he gets his rebuilt.

Captain Eugene Lowe was supervising the rebuilding of his dock on the ocean side at Tavernier. His original dock had been carried all the way to Tavernier Creek, a mile away. Captain Lowe, who has been a fishing guide for 32 years, is also the official weather observer for the town. He said the great hurricane of 1935 brought faster winds and higher water but that Donna lasted longer.

"My anemometer only registers up to 120 miles per hour," he said. "The needle went up against the peg at that point and stayed against the peg for four hours."

On the other side of Tavernier,



RESORT OWNERS Alexander Soudrey (left), Mrs. Helene Baur and Mrs. Soudrey spent days recovering antiques and curios of celebrated value, the Chesapeake.

Herbert Alley, owner of the Key Haven Motel, suffered little damage, since his place was on the lee side of the storm. But both he and Captain Carpenter reported considerable injury to the beautiful coral reefs, which are now included in an offshore preserve. On visits to the reefs Alley found that the fish populations had shifted. In some places there were greater fish concentrations, and in others they were fewer than before. He felt they would soon become stabilized according to food supply.

At the Theater of the Sea, where all kinds of marine creatures are normally kept in a series of pools, the porpoises now cavort around a house blown into their big lagoon by the hurricane. Phelps McKenney, the proprietor, lost only one of his five porpoises. It swam away during the high water but the others elected to stay at home. Windy, his big California sea lion, wound up at Marathon, 40 miles away. There his deep barking in the night frightened people already suffering from hurricane jitters. Finally, when daylight came, a man located Windy and fed him some fish. Someone else recognized him, and sent for McKenney, who found him none the worse for his unexpected journey.

Windy is back home now, and apparently glad of it. "He's as free as he can be because my fences are gone," said McKenney. "He could go out into the ocean and start back to California where he came from. But he prefers to stay." McKenney, meanwhile, is rebuilding his curio shop and restaurant, which will be ready soon. Then comes the slower task of collecting live marine specimens to replace those that escaped. "I'm shooting for December 15," he said. "I hope I make it."

In Upper Matecumbe, Mrs. Helene Baur and Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Sandrey escorted us through the wreckage of their unique establishment, the Chesapeake. Before Donna, the Chesapeake included a large restaurant decorated with numbeless antiques and curios. There were motel units and a large houseboat that had been set up on shore as a home for the owners. The storm cleared out the restaurant, wrecked the motel cottages, uprooted the houseboat and almost sent it out to sea again. Sandrey and five other men took refuge in an ornamental tower at a corner of the



CARETAKER Shelton Stone of Olney Inn in Islamorada took the loss of the inn's famous palm grove hard. "I planted those trees myself in 1928," he said.

restaurant. For days afterward he and his wife and Mrs. Baur conducted treasure hunts into the mangroves to retrieve curios ranging from ebony elephants to a stuffed jaguar which was found in a treetop. One of its ears had been shot off by military guards sent in to protect the islanders from looting and other dangers.

Now carpenters are already at work rebuilding the restaurant, which, it is hoped, will be in operation by January. The motel units and houseboat

will be dealt with later. Mrs. Baur said that when the restaurant is rebuilt they will have a "Hurricane Alley" in which battered antiques, salvaged from the mangroves, will be on display. They will be presided over by Donna, a female figure with wildly blowing hair and a dress made of hurricane flags.

Farther down the line, Dick Williams, a popular Islamorada fishing guide, showed the wreckage of his Coral Cove resort. Williams had spent 15 years building up this establishment, with its motel units, docks, boats and swimming pool. He was simply wiped out by the hurricane. Only concrete foundations mark the sites of some of his buildings.

"It will take longer for me to build back because I have to start from scratch," he said. "I have to have architects design new buildings and that takes time. We'll put up a temporary dock and I will be fishing by the first week in November. I'm aiming at having new buildings ready by February 1."

Standing by his television set which lay rusting in the sand, Williams told us what had happened in the famous bonefish flats of the area. Actually, the storm did little damage to the flats, but it left some unexpected hazards. Guides will have to be aware of sunken refrigerators and other submerged obstacles in the shallow water.

Islamorada suffered a heavier battering than either Tavernier or Marathon because it was right on the edge of the hurricane's eye, with the wind coming directly from the ocean. The Olney Inn, known for its beautiful grove of coconut palms, was hit by a 12-foot storm wave, and water rose inside the building to a height of five and a half feet. Other structures on the property were washed from their foundations or split in half. A big houseboat, which had been sunk in the ground and used as a rental unit, came to rest 1,000 feet away. With dead and toppled palms strewn everywhere, the once lovely grove now had a shell-torn look. Shelton Stone, the caretaker, said 608 of these trees, representing most of the grove, had been lost. He doubted that the inn could be made ready for this season.

At Marathon, which was on the other side of the hurricane's eye, the

continued on page 63



MARINA OWNER Mrs. Ida Storm Denno and of storm: "I only cried three times. I don't think it was an act of God. God doesn't treat His people that bad."



HIPPOMANIACS TAKE OVER

by ALWYN LEE

AFTER Anzac Day itself, the most sacred day in the Australian civic calendar is the first Tuesday in November when—for three and a half minutes over two miles of green turf—two dozen or more Thoroughbreds of all ages gallop for glory, £A25,000 (\$56,000) and a big gold bauble called the Melbourne Cup.

More than 100,000 bellowing Aussies (1% of the Commonwealth's population) will be at Melbourne's Flemington race course next week, and they will bet \$10 million on this one race. Incalculable sums—a sizable chunk of the national budget—will be laid with bookies off track.

On Cup Day, surface transportation mysteriously ceases all over the continent. A bush descends on Syd-

ney's raucous streets. Demand for electric power drops 165,000 kilowatts as machines are switched off in factories. In the sun-blistered townships of the lonely outback, men jeep or ride scores of miles to be with the fellows at the pub for last-minute bets and the communal Cup broadcast. Citizens visible in the streets of the great cities stand entranced before store-front TV and radio as if immobilized by nerve gas.

All this lends credence to the cautious declaration of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* that the Cup "is often termed the greatest all-aged race in the world." Aussies would reject the caution with contempt. They are not mere horseplayers or horse lovers; they are a devout and demented race of hippomaniacs, and the Cup—their annual saturnalia, festival, car-

nival and finest hour—is the greatest. It has been that way for 100 years. Melbourne itself, until 1834 the hunting ground of the Yarra blacks in kangaroo robes, is but 26 years older. The Cup had been running for 36 years when a Missouri gentleman who called himself Mark Twain was moved to the awe of an innocent abroad: "I can call to mind no specific annual day in any country whose approach fires the whole land with a configuration of conversation, of preparation and jubilation."

In 1960, the centenary year, the conflagration is blazing like one of the better bush fires, and Melbourne, a normally prim, well-corseted city of 2 million, is beginning to behave with the floppy abandon of a matron on her seventh Martini.

Colored lights are strung amid the



DOWN UNDER

Australia's Melbourne Cup has an entire horse-crazed continent in a frenzy of betting, imbibing and ballyhoo

trees along the pompous façades of banks and Victorian counting houses on Collins Street. From Carlyon's in the west and gilded Menzies in the middle to the Windsor in the east, hotels are jammed with free-spending sports. (No one in Melbourne for the '56 Olympics will be surprised to learn that pub keepers do not lower prices in Cup Week.) Men with bronzed faces and the bashed-in, soft Borsalino hats that are the badge of the Australian sheepman—men with thin, hard faces and fat wallets—jostle at the long bars, and strong drink flows like the swift green Yarra under floodlit Princess Bridge.

Early in the week ceremonious men in aprons will reverently bear a taxidermist's version of the martyr horse Phar Lap from his place of eternal rest in Melbourne's Museum of Nat-

ural History to his dais in the baroque marble hall of the public library. There a file of pilgrim punters will again wonder at his musculature, his height and conformation and the mystical appearance of a constellation of black dapples on his chestnut rump—stigmata said to resemble the Southern Cross. Once again the myth of the prodigal son who fell among thieves will be heard, and a punter will mutter, "The Yanks killed him all right. You can't tell me otherwise." (Actually, Phar Lap died of a surfeit of foreign foodstuffs that perhaps were tainted with insecticide spray, after winning the \$50,000-added Agus Caliente Handicap in 1932. It took General MacArthur and World War II to heal the saddle-sore suspicions left in the Aussie punters' hides by "Big Red's" death on U.S. soil.)

But Cup Week is a feast, not a funeral. In Yarra-side Toorak and Kooyong, where the "pure Merino" Melbournians have built their great Italianate townhouses, the lights blaze nightlong for 50 Cup balls. At an official banquet 1,100 sportsmen sit at dinner. Once again the supreme judicial body of the Commonwealth—the High Court—finds its most pressing litigation in Melbourne and adjourns for Cup Week. In Canberra, too, the House of Representatives will go into brief recess. It is 10 years since a legislator (presumably in a safe seat) objected to the practice.

The focus of all this remote but giant jazz is Flemington—to American Johnny Longden "one of the finest, greenest courses in the world." It sprawls over 320 acres of reclaimed

continued

swamp and natural hill on the tree-padded banks of the Maribyrnong. The track itself, a figure-8-shaped run, is a wide (it has handled a cavalry charge of 39 starters) green ribbon of specially bred grasses designed to withstand hoof and heat. It is thoughtfully banked at the turns from and into the straight. Things being the way they are down under, the Cup falls in spring, and horticultural trainers have their flower show timed to the day. A mile or so of blossoms line the rails; the winner's return is a lane of golden roses, and a forced growth of iris splashes the lawns.

The carnival lasts eight days, from Saturday to Saturday. On Cup Day the gray-topped men and orchidaceous, bright-plumaged women in the Members' Enclosure look down on a scene about as exclusive as Times Square on V-J night. It is a democracy of chicken and champagne or beer and hot meat pies, with no bets too small for the poor man's end of the 243 pari-mutuel windows or too big to be laid with one of the 284 licensed Joe Cooks (rhyming slang for "books") barking the odds like cattle dogs under big blue umbrellas.

The Joe Cooks include characters like The Egg (from his habit of saying, "It's laid") and The Doctor (who loftily says, "You can get better," when asked the odds). All are in the spirit of the legendary Sol Green, whose gold-hubbed Rolls-Royce daily announced his solvency from its parking place opposite the Victoria Club, the posh pad of Melbourne's big books. Sol once paid off £A100,000 (then worth about \$400,000) on one wager with the remark, "Best advertisement I ever had." Most of the large cash wagers go to the books, the native sport having a vague distaste for what he calls the tote, which, incidentally, was the invention of an Australian engineer, George Julius, who was knighted for the feat.

Away from Flemington there are few Australians who have nothing going on the Cup. Even the woorser will suspend his prejudice against gambling for one day and have half a dollar in the office sweep. Sunday-school picnics, always timed for Cup Day to keep the young away from the annual frolic at Flemington, suffer outbreaks of child gambling in small currency and barter goods. Most

of this is against the law, of course, yet in 1949, Prime Minister Joseph (Chif) Chifley was embarrassed when he held the ticket on unfavored Foxsami and won the Parliament House sweep among the nation's legislators. This year "Tatts" (Tattersalls, the lottery people), which regard the Irish Sweepstakes as an upstart institution, will hold, as they have done for 80 years, a special Cup Eve drawing. First prize: \$270,000.

The Cup that not only cheers but inebriates a nation won its status by no accident. History, poetry, plain money and great horseflesh have gone into it. When the Governor General

'WHO WON THE CUP?'

In 1936 an airliner crashed in the wild, unexplored Glasshouse Mountains on the border of New South Wales and Queensland. The plane was discovered only by the heroism and bushcraft of a forest warden. It had crashed a day before the Cup. One newspaperman, Roland Pullen, accompanied the rescue team. Days under injuries and driving rain had diminished the spirit of the survivors, and they were barely hanging to life when help arrived. One was delirious but another clung to reality: "Who won the Cup?" he croaked. "Wotan, the 100-to-1 shot," said Pullen, and, from his end of a stretcher, "called" the race from memory as they worked down the mountainside.

(riding in a Bentley now, though it used to be a carriage with outriders) moves up the Flemington straight to inaugurate Cup Day, tradition is touched. Leading the Queen's representative is a troop of Victorian Mounted Police on splendid dapple grays. In their white whipcord ties and patent leather leggings and gear, they wear the uniform of the men who rode against outlaw Ned Kelly, Australian's folk hero, hanged not four miles away and only 80 years ago at grim Melbourne Gaol.

The country had yet to be crossed from south to north when the first Cup was run. Indeed, Burke and Wills, the horsemen who performed the feat (distance 2,000 miles) set out on their expedition that same year from Royal Park, just over the hill from Flemington. The course then was just a paddock with a pavilion and two miles of post-and-rail fencing.

"Built when Archer won the Cup," Australians will enser of some obsolete vehicle. Thus they date the years—as Americans do by Presidents. They hark back to November 7, 1861, when 4,000 turned up at the track and played the "spinning Jinnies" (roulette) or took a chance on "dod-dle-em-buck" (a loaded game of no skill) operated by "jerry-diddlers" (swindlers in a small way) until a horse named Archer trounced a field of 16 other colonial stayers by six lengths. Archer won again the next year, and founded the exclusive club of "10-stoners"—winners who carry a handicap weight of 140 pounds or more. The great Carbine and Poitrel are the other members. (Archer might have carried a brutal 158 pounds in 1863, but his acceptance letter was delayed in the mail. Legend has it that even the letter was overweight.)

Again and again the Cup has produced high drama. Such was Wollomai's year (1875) when an attempt was made to derail a train bearing country horseflesh to Melbourne. The following year a gale cost the lives of all but one of 11 Sydney entrants aboard S.S. *City of Melbourne*. One colt survived, on tender nursing and liberal doses of gin and beer, to be renamed Robinson Crusoe. (To this day a beer spiked with gin is known locally as a horse's neck.) In that year (Brisols') a hot prospect named Newminster was found in agony on his stable straw, poisoned by nobblers (fixers). In Merriwee's Cup of '89, his owner told the jockey, "You're on the best runner in the field." The jock looked at the rain-puddled turf and snarled, "He might have to swim." "You're on the best swimmer, too," said the owner. And so it proved.

The question as to whether, weight for age, Robert E. Lee was a better general than Napoleon or whether Bob Fitzsimmons could have taken Joe Louis is no more abstruse than the obsessional Australian question as to which was the greatest Cup horse of all time—Carbine or Phar Lap. That either one or the other was the greatest horse the world has ever known is very much an article of faith to both parties.

The hippomanic patriot must begin by conceding the embarrassing fact that both horses—like so many of the best in the 1960 field—were

continued

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foaled in New Zealand. Horsemen point out that New Zealand, like Ireland, has many qualities in pasture, soil and climate that go to make mares happy in the vital occupation of throwing sound foals. It is a greener land than Australia and does not enervate the studs with 100°-plus temperatures.

In any case, Carbine and Phar Lap were Enzedders (New Zealanders), and each failed in his first Cup shot. In 1890, as a 5-year-old, Carbine had a staggering and still record 145 pounds loaded on his back, yet started the favorite at 4 to 1 in a field of 39. He carried his jockey and his leaded saddle to immortality $2\frac{1}{2}$ lengths ahead of the ruck in the then record time of 3.28 1/4, whereupon, a witness wrote, "many people became hysterical in their delight. Women shrieked and even wept, and quiet, decorous old gentlemen in frock coats and top hats abandoned their headgear and shook hands with everyone within reach."

Phar Lap, too, produced more than a little hysteria in his great year—1930. He had streaked through every big race in the country and was odds-on favorite for the Cup when a carload of desperado-handicappers sped past his training quarters and pumped a volley of rifle shots at him as he was being led to the stables. The miscreants were never caught. Phar Lap, whistled to a secret hideout, was theatrically floated to Flemington 40 minutes before the Cup start. Amid the roar of 72,000, his huge stride carried him home against a field of 15, half a second faster than Carbine's time.

Phar Lap today is just a hallowed memory enshrined in his mortal relics, but Carbine's blood is still racing in the U.S., England and Europe. The sporting Duke of Portland shipped him to England, where he re-established his branch of the Touchstone line of Eclipses.

On the grounds that it might prove shattering to civilian morale, no total ban was put on horse racing in Australia during World War II. The

Cup was moved to Saturday from its sacred first November Tuesday, the stake was cut to a mere \$11,800 and the trophy became a war bond, but that was as far as Aussies would go. They were fighting for their institutions, they reasoned, so why give up the No. 1 institution—the Cup. Some Aussie sports of the 8th Division, AIF, in notorious Changi prison camp near Singapore, felt the same way. They held the Cup in camp with a field of trained bullfrogs named for entries gleaned from a secret radio. The course: a 15-foot railed circle in the prison compound, first frog out-



TULLOCH AND JOCKEY SELLWOOD ARE THE 1950 FAVORITES

side, winner. The winning owner, Corporal Doug McKenzie (with the talented batrachian, Greenbottle), lived to attend the first peacetime Cup and display his cup of hammered war scrap.

Serious students of form shake their heads over the things that happen in pre-Cup betting when the books build up a fat cushion from punters seeking long odds on a horse that may never run. The long-shot addicts point to the fact that favorites have won only 23 times and to 1940's Old Rowley, the third 100-to-1 horse to come in. This year the Cup drew a remount muster of 458 applications. By October 1, officials had drafted this wild horse mess of hopefuls down to 135 and, by rule now, only 33 will go to the gates. (Local patriotism accounts for this flood of entries. Horses become local heroes. One such, 1947's Hiraaj, pride of the sun-stunned township of Carrathool on the banks of the Murrumbidgee, became the second gray to win the

Cup and caused the deliciously loyal citizenry to drink dry the one pub's entire stock. No one who has ever swallowed a mouthful of Murrumbidgee water will underestimate the price they paid for their equine passions.)

This year the early money has gone on the big Enzedder, Tulloch, who will carry 141 pounds and something of the grand panache of a Silky Sullivan—a horse with a magic above and beyond mere winning, which he has done 28 times in 38 starts. Tulloch and four other Enzedders, Sparkler, Waipari, Blumagh and Howie, the native sons Valerius and Nelarco and the fast filly Ma Cherie are all heavily backed.

Some punters always bet the jock rather than the mount, and some of the money that goes on Tulloch may follow his pilot, Neville Sellwood, himself a national favorite. A lot of "jockey money" will ride with Jack Partell, a grinning wizard who looks like a caricature of Arcaro, if that can be imagined.

But whatever happens next Tuesday, it can be predicted that the classic *cri de coeur* will burst from the breast of at least one Aussie as he jostles through the mob around the Joe Cooks to bet next month's rent on some 100-to-1 hairy goat with The Doctor or The Egg. That punter's battle cry, as always, will be "Menzies or the Bush!", Menzies being Melbourne's plushiest pub, and the bush being, for the moment, any section of the dusty 3-million-square-mile continent outside Flemington to which an unlucky bettor might be banished.

And if Tulloch, the mighty-muscled Enzedder, should beat the ruck, the voice of some solitary sheep drover who has five quid down on the 4-to-1 favorite and is lunched by a radio somewhere back of Milparinka, will be heard addressing the indifferent sheep and the blue unheeding skies:

"My God, he did it. The Cup. The bloody Cup. You flaming beast!"

Thereupon, until the first November Tuesday of 1961, a great hush will fall again over the forgotten continent.

END

Guys and Dolls Among the Ivy

Photographs by Jerry Cooks

A football weekend at a men's college is a thoroughly tested, thoroughly proved combination of minor athletic events (cross-country), the Big Game, imported dates, dances in the student union, candlelight dinners, campus walks and, importantly and inevitably, a good deal of smuggling



and guzzling in fraternity houses. Last week, playing in strict accordance with these rules, the men of Massachusetts' little Williams College held their annual Fall Houseparties Weekend. Everyone had a predictably good time and—also as predicted—Williams lost the game to Tufts.



ONE OF TWO GATES invited for weekend, Deborah Roslter, a Boston nursing student, sports a gay Williams College scarf as she watches Tufts win 10-9.

SHADOWS AND WALKS crispens to make striking pattern on Williams' leafy campus as two couples head for the stadium after pregame lunch.

CONTINUED



MOTHER'S LOVE is young conqueror's reward at the end of the game (right), as Mrs. Milton MacDonald of New Bedford, Mass. salutes her son Duncan, a burly Tufts fullback.

WEARY RUNNERS on Williams cross-country team slump in utter exhaustion on fence rail after winning first five places in race. Rack Ash, prone on rail, has suffered a leg cramp.



INCOMPLETE PASSES, like the one above, contributed to Williams' defeat by Tufts, which is currently favored to win the Lambert Cup. But narrow margin of Tufts victory left partisans of both teams happy.



CONTINUED



TWO BY TWO. Williams men and their dates paired off at odd moments during the weekend, some to play pool in Baxter Hall, the student union (above), some to dance

at the Alpha Delta Phi-Kappa Alpha fraternity party (below) and still others (albeit few) to seek intellectual stimulation in the Nixon-Kennedy debate on television.





ALL ALONE (but not for long) at a fraternity house window, Sue Kunzelmann, who is still a schoolgirl at Connecticut's Westover, contemplates the new and wonderful world of college men.

JACK THE RELUCTANT RIPPER

Jack Brabham is the world's leading driver for the second straight year, but he remains a bafflingly normal man: he likes to make haste slowly

by KENNETH RUDEEN



PLEASED BRABHAM SMILES BASHFULLY AFTER WINNING RACE

OVER THE YEARS a long procession of headstrong, audacious drivers has stamped auto racing as a sport of rare adventure—and adventurous sports. No driver made his mark more indelibly than Tazio Nuvolari, the granite-jawed Italian hero of the 1930s who, often half-choked by exhaust fumes, hurled a bright-red Alfa Romeo along perilous roads as if storming a fortress singlehanded.

Now along comes a low-pressure driver who is so different from the romantic figures of racing he hardly seems to belong to the same breed. Yet today he is the world's No. 1 road-racing man, and there are many racing followers who will tell you he is among the best of all time. He is Jack Brabham (see cover), a self-effacing, good-natured, soft-voiced Australian whose most distinguishing characteristic is his prudence. His philosophy of driving, which in his mild way he has repeated to any who have asked him, is "to win a race in the slowest possible time."

Suiting deeds to words, he narrow-

ly won the world driver championship last year with the most deliberate brand of speed yet seen in racing. He recaptured the title this year by taking no fewer than five of seven races. None of the victories was spectacular. All were as precisely competent as a Rolls-Royce clock. Perhaps his finest race this year was in the Belgian Grand Prix. Ruthlessly pursued for a time on the fastest, most hazardous course in Europe, he coolly led from start to finish. His average speed was a record-breaking and rather staggering 133 mph. Fittingly enough, he won in probably the least glamorous car ever to move away from a starting grid—the tiny, rear-engined Cooper-Climax from the tiny shop of Britain's John Cooper (SI, Aug. 1).

In some respects Brabham resembles that quiet giant of postwar racing, Argentina's five-time world champion, Juan Manuel Fangio. Fangio was also a firm believer in making haste slowly. But on occasion Fangio would let his heart rule his head and unleash a galvanizing display of bra-

vura driving. Outwardly nerveless, he seethed inwardly with the tensions of racing; he rarely could sleep the night after an event. Brabham has no trouble sleeping.

It is Brabham's very easy nature that has, until recently, detracted from his stature. People could not accept his refusal to go fast merely for the sake of speed—although that really was the reason for his success. In truth, he seemed a pale imitation of that romantic idol of British racing, Stirling Moss.

Moss was giving Fangio all the competition he wanted as long ago as the mid-1950s, when the little-known Brabham was slogging imperceptibly forward. Even today Moss is acknowledged by everyone, including Brabham, to be slightly the faster in getting around a race course.

After Fangio's retirement in 1957 it was assumed that Moss would promptly ascend his throne for an extended reign. However, his countryman, Mike Hawthorn, beat him

continued



MINT FRAPPE—Pack shaved ice in cocktail glass. Pour enough Hiram Walker's green Creme de Menthe to fill glass, serve with 2 small colored straws.



BRANDY ALEXANDER—1 oz. brown Creme de Cacao, 1 oz. Hiram Walker's Brandy, 1 oz. light cream. Shake with ice and strain into chilled cocktail glass. Sprinkle with nutmeg.



COMRADE KELLY—2 oz. Hiram Walker's Vodka, 1 oz. Hiram Walker's green Creme de Menthe. Stir gently over the rocks in an old-fashioned or stemmed glass.



ALEXANDER'S SISTER—1 oz. Hiram Walker's London Dry Gin, 1 oz. Hiram Walker's green Creme de Menthe, 1 oz. light cream. Shake well with cracked ice, strain into a cocktail glass and agitate with nutmeg.



BLACKBERRY FRAPPE—Pack shaved ice in cocktail glass and pour enough Hiram Walker's Blackberry Flavored Brandy to fill glass. Serve with small colored straws.



SIDE CAR—1 oz. fresh lemon juice, 1 oz. Hiram Walker's Triple Sec, 1 oz. Hiram Walker's Brandy. Shake well with ice. Rub edge of cocktail glass with slice of lemon, then dip glass in powdered sugar for frosty coating. Strain and serve.



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in 1958; it was Brabham in 1959; and this year a crackup in practice for the Belgian race removed Moss once more from the running.

Moss's followers are convinced that he would have won in 1958 and 1959 if he had not been unnaturally tormented with unreliable cars. His critics are equally sure that Moss's damn-the-torpedoes style contributed to their fragility.

On and off the race course Brabham and his chief rival are as unlike as Perry Como and Frank Sinatra. Brabham, 34, is three years older than Moss. Nearly 6 feet tall, broad-shouldered and darkly handsome, he walks with the lazy shamle of a boy bound for school. All of his movements are deliberate, as is his conversation. On the speaking platform he does not shine. Reporting an English affair at which he was honored for his 1960 championship, the British press noted his "usual bashful speech."

Except for a taste for practical jokes (he specializes in the unexpected "banger," or firecracker), Brabham has none of the eccentricities or foibles that mark other drivers. One has grown a beard. Another dips snuff. A third chases skirts. Brabham is clean-shaven, neither smokes nor drinks and has been married to the same wife for nine years.

"He is not," says Moss, "what I would call a passionate driver. This makes him a very formidable competitor. He is always on form. He is always fast. He is a calculating driver. He is an intelligent and misleading driver. He will run a race as fast as necessary and no faster."

"He is not temperamental and he is not highly strung. That's surprising, when you come to think of it, in this business. I'm temperamental and I know it. Not when I'm racing, mind you, but away from the circuit things can upset me. Nothing upsets Jack."

Moss is smallish and quick-moving. He radiates energy. He is an eloquent apologist for auto racing, a keen and articulate analyst of the sport and an outspoken commentator on its controversial issues.

He is also an unabashed defender of his own driving style.

"When my car will move," he says, "I will try to win. I like a fight. Sometimes this may not be the right ap-

proach, but there it is. I like to race. I like a go."

There is a further, and critical, difference between the two men. Brabham is a superb mechanic, as was Fangio; Moss is not mechanically inclined. Brabham can go like the wind, make no mistake about it, but his racing tactics are always tailored to the health of his car. Understanding perfectly what goes on inside it, he is supersensitive to the slightest danger signal.

John Arthur Brabham has been a mover and tinkerer since earliest childhood. Reared in Hurstville, a suburb of Sydney, Australia, he was excited by cars and planes almost from the moment he first saw them.

At 8 he was hugely delighted by a joyride in an open-cockpit plane. At 11, when his mother removed the handlebars from his tricycle as punishment for roaming from home on it, he triumphantly told Mum he "could do more things" without them. When he was 10 he was permitted to cruise

the family Willys around his backyard. Work in his father's greengrocery bored young Jack, so he was pleased to help out around the garage of a man named Harry Ferguson.

"There were a thousand and one things that we used to do," Ferguson recalls. "That's how Jack got his grounding. There was a wartime shortage of parts, but we had to keep cars on the road. We had to improvise and make things work."

"Jack was a good boy, not brilliant, but a good boy. One thing about him, he never gave me any lip."

Military service found Brabham following his natural mechanical bent as an RAAF ground crewman. Then



IN AUSTRALIA YOUNG JACK SAT WITH HIS FATHER ON RUNNING BOARD OF FAMILY WILLYS, PLAYED IN HIS TOY CAR, PROCEDED ON BICYCLE

came six years of racing midget cars in the Australian small time. Needless to say, Brabham was not then celebrated for making haste slowly, or for driving finesse. The races were too short for either, and the tactics too crude. Brabham, like everybody else, hunched over the wheel, jammed his foot down hard on the short straights and horsed his car through the turns in long, dust-kicking broad shoes.

There has always been a strong urge toward self-improvement in Brabham, however, and in 1955, having become intrigued by a taste of road racing in Australia, he arrived unsung in Europe to have a flutter at the big time.

He soon made his way to the shop of Builder Cooper, in Surbiton, a suburb of London. Cooper was already a prophet of the rear-engined racing car. He had conquered one branch of racing with his little 500-cc. Formula III cars and was moving strongly in

continued

the more important Formula II (1.5-liter) sphere. His dream was to reach the Formula I, Grand Prix summit, which was then occupied solely by front-engined machines.

At Cooper's invitation Brabham began to put together a racing car from bits and pieces in the blithely informal Surbiton shop. He was so taciturn at first that the Cooper people thought they had offended him, but Brabham silently, doggedly sharpened his mechanical touch and raced whenever he could.

"The midgets," he reflected the other day, "were very bad training

it was in the Monaco Grand Prix early in 1959 that Brabham and Cooper first broke through. Relishing the memory, Brabham recalled that Moss had taken the lead after a long duel with France's Jean Behra, only to have his car sicken and retire. The Australian, meanwhile, had heard expensive noises when he attempted to use first gear.

As the race heated up, Brabham, out in front, was being pressed by the first-rate British driver Tony Brooks in a Ferrari. Never divulging that he had a problem, even to Cooper in the pits, Brabham drove to stay just ahead of Brooks, using first gear only when absolutely necessary

and his partner-protégé, 22-year-old Bruce McLaren of New Zealand, who is second in the championship standings, preserve and extend the Cooper's inherent sturdiness.

One racing man who wants proof of Brabham's versatility is Rob Walker, owner of Moss's Lotus-Climax racer and a member of the family that gave its name to Johnnie Walker Scotch.

"Jack has improved enormously," Walker says. (Everybody agrees that Jack has improved enormously.) "He was jolly good in 1959 but not, I think, in the world-champion class. Good as he is now, I wonder what Jack could do in another car. He has raced in virtually nothing but Coopers, you know."

The English driver Roy Salvadori brings the whole Brabham-Moss controversy into sharp focus when he says: "If I suddenly came into a great deal of money and got myself a stable of Grand Prix cars and had my choice of drivers, my first choice would be Mr. Brabham. Stirling would be quicker around a given circuit, but for value over a full Grand Prix season, I prefer Jack."

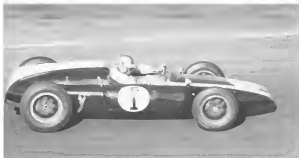
Americans will be able to make their own comparisons when Brabham and Moss race November 20 in the Grand Prix of the United States, at Riverside, Calif. The best cars will be there: British Lotuses and BRMs, whose engines were switched from front to rear this season, following the Cooper's lead, and the doughty Coopers; but not Italy's front-engined Ferraris (Builder Enzo Ferrari is sulking over not having received a "proper" invitation). So will the top drivers, including (if he can get a ride) California's Phil Hill. Hill's Ferrari victory this summer at Monza, Italy, although cheapened by a boycott by the British works teams, was still the first by an American in a Grand Prix since 1921. Riverside's fast-moving home-town boy, Dan Gurney, will also be on hand.

As the last race in the last of seven seasons for the present 2½-liter Formula I (1½-liter engines come in next year), Riverside will mark a turning point in racing history.

It will also be the last performance by Brabham on American soil this fall. Earlier this month he was second to Moss in a free-formula race at Watkins Glen. Then came two sports car scrambles on the West Coast.

It was before the smallest audience

continued



STRETCHED IN COCKPIT, BRABHAM RACES REAR-ENGINE COOPER AT WATKINS GLEN

for formula cars. It was not until the 1959 season that I got things weighed up and started to drive the way I should. I stopped throwing the cars around and sliding them when it wasn't necessary. I began to sit back a little and lose some of that midget-car crouch."

As he spoke, Brabham was sitting up to a plate of well-done roast beef at a restaurant near Watkins Glen, N.Y., where he would shortly be racing. Across the table sat Cooper, a compact, black-haired man of 37, who was similarly provisioned. He has become one of Brabham's closest friends. They live within a stone's throw of each other, some 200 yards from the Cooper shop.

Neither Brabham nor Cooper ever thought in the old days of winning the world championship. "Crilex," Brabham said, "our big thrill was going to be winning one Grand Prix. And after that, one more."

to prevent him from passing. Toward the end Brooks gave up.

"He didn't know anything was wrong," Brabham said. "He thought I was playing games with him. If he'd kept after me I think he might have forced me to break the Cooper."

In his *Motor Racing Book* Brabham says: "Moss is the greatest driver of all time, . . . better than Fangio." He has not changed his opinion. In identical unbreakable cars he reckoned Stirling would have "that little edge." But Brabham has obviously gained a healthier respect for his own gifts, for he does not now feel obliged to compare his own style unfavorably with Moss's.

In terms of winning the world championship it is patently clear by now that Moss could profit from Brabham's example.

Some people seem to believe that the 1960 Cooper is supernaturally reliable, forgetting that both Brabham

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RELUCTANT RIPPER continued

that Brabham made his biggest U.S. hat. This was at Indianapolis, which has been a postwar graveyard for European cars. "I just thought I'd like to have a go at it to see what it's like," said Brabham.

"Watch it, Jack," warned Rodger Ward, the 1959 Indianapolis "500" winner. "This track can fool you and those walls are awful hard."

Brabham listened respectfully. Then, after warming up, he did three consecutive laps at precisely 142.857 mph and a fastest lap of 143.403. The next day he turned eight straight 143-plus-mph laps and one at a slightly incredible 144.834, which would have won the "500" pole in 1957.

"That's the most astounding performance I've seen in all my years here," said the veteran Speedway timer, C. B. Smith.

"He's got me about half mad," said a clowning but profoundly impressed Ward. "I'm going to send him home."

Brabham's speeds would have qualified him for the 1960, or any other "500." He accomplished them with his standard Cooper, not one of the superspecialized Indycars. His Coventry-Climax engine was a mere two-thirds the size of the big 4.2-liter Indy Offenhausers. He had no special Speedway tires. He ran on a "cold" track (higher May temperatures at "500" time produce better tire traction). Moreover, he had no helpful "groove" of rubber laid down by other cars.

The pity of it is that Brabham is not likely to race at Indianapolis unless a financial angel steps in to underwrite the cost. Cooper says he can't afford the gamble. He would have to build a special car and excuse his ace just as the European Grand Prix season, on which he depends for a sizable part of his income, is beginning.

Any angls who would like to take the plunge are advised not to procrastinate. Brabham says he plans to retire from racing in two years, what with a wife and son to think of and another child on the way, as well as an automobile dealership to tend.

If at some point before retirement day he ever feels the urge to behave like a hero, the chances are he will take a cold shower and wash that romantic nonsense out of his hair. **END**



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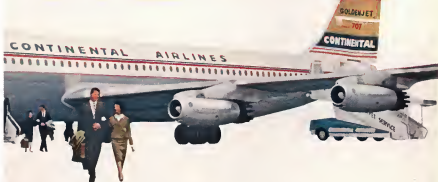
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HORATIO HARRY

Not Alger—Wisner. He owns the Titans, spies on colleagues and 'congratulates' everybody

by ROBERT H. BOYLE

ARRAYED against the walls of the living room in the Park Avenue apartment of Harry Wisner, the sports announcer who is president of the New York Titans pro football team, are inscribed photographs of General Omar Bradley, Vice-President Richard Nixon, President Dwight Eisenhower, Senator George Smathers, former President Harry Truman, Senator Styles Bridges, Thomas E. Dewey, Moose Krause (the Notre Dame athletic director), George Halas (owner of the Chicago Bears) and J. Edgar Hoover. When a visitor remarks upon the display, Wisner beams. "I've got more inside," he says.

"Those pictures," says a friend, "are Harry's badge of success. Some people work for dollars. Harry works for pictures." Whether at lunch in the Waldorf or in South Bend for a game, Wisner is with tycoons. "Harry," says a college publicity man, "is a radio version of Sugar Ray Robinson. He always has big shots he has to get into the press box."

When not palming around with the power elite, Wisner mingles with the masses. He regards himself as a one man people-to-people program. "I love humanity," he says. He has gotten the wine stewards at El Morocco in New York and the Pump Room in Chicago to become pen pals. "Why shouldn't they write to one another?" he asks. "They're in the two best rooms in the country."

When Wisner runs into an old friend, he is something to behold. "Congratulations!" he exclaims, hurling his stocky frame forward, his right hand at the ready for a crunch-

ing handshake. "I always say congratulations," Wisner explains. "It makes people feel good. 'Congratulations!' Congratulations can mean anything! It rings a note! It's wonderful! And it's a great opening line. 'Congratulations!' And they say, 'How do you know?' And I say, 'I keep pace.'"

In a crowd Wisner reacts differently: he spreads rumors. His latest is, "So they shot Castro!" Says Wisner, "You get a lot of emotional reaction from people."

With the press Wisner is all business. He doles out scoops alternately to A.P. and U.P.I. "It wouldn't be good sense to take sides," he says. After he calls U.P.I., he dashes to his office to watch the story move on his private teletype. "Harry's got an integrity that a lot of people don't give him credit for," says Mims Thomson, U.P.I. first vice-president. "He's given me dozens of tips on stories and not a bum one yet."

Harry's face

Wisner likes to keep his face as well as his name before the public. His picture on the Titan ad in commuter trains is so large there is barely room for the schedule. When the Los Angeles Chargers requested Titan pictures for the press they received, not photographs of players, but a dozen portraits of Wisner.

"If you knew Harry for a month or two, you'd hate him," says a friend. "After a year, you'd begin to reverse yourself. If Harry would only let his accomplishments speak for themselves instead of letting himself speak for his accomplishments he'd be much better off. There are so many compensating qualities to the man. When a Redskins player got a fractured skull, Harry paid him a year's salary out of his own pocket." Says another friend, "Harry's the greatest contact man in the United States. He's always maneuvering. If he had someone to curb him he'd be a very great man."

Only physical force could curb Wisner—he is immune to criticism, insult, the cold cut or the hot rebuke. Once while broadcasting a pro play-off he announced breathlessly, "He's on the 30, the 35, the 40, the 45, the 50, the 55!" Another time he described a field goal attempt: "He kicks! And it's a beautiful kick! End over end! Terrific! And it's no good!" Wisner has been criticized for broadcasting that celebrities were at a game when, in truth, they were thousands of miles away. "I do that a lot," says Wisner. "I plug my friends. I say, 'Dean Acheson is here. President Eisenhower just walked in. There goes Dick Nixon.'"

Wisner's zest has been with him since birth. He was born in Port Huron, Mich. 47 years ago. His father,



BEAMING WISNER holds football autographed by AFL owners and officials.

now retired, was manager of a clothing store, and the family lived in modest circumstances. His mother had five children, one of whom, a girl, died of diphtheria a few weeks before Harry was born. His mother had also come down with the disease, and Wisner says, "I think I was born to keep driving. My mother often said that she was so determined to have me born that it helped her live, and I

continued



WINNING AWARD as one of the 10 outstanding young men of 1946, Wismer (third from left) is speechless. The young man in the striped suit is John F. Kennedy, then a Congressman. Others

(left to right) are Management Engineer J. A. Patton, Junior Chamber of Commerce President Sheldon Waldo, Physicist Philip Morris, Lawyer Dan Duke, Union Leader J. A. Beirne.

HORATIO HARRY continued

think some of the strength and determination might have crossed over. Like *What Makes Sammy Run?*—only I've never stopped running. I used to read extensively when I was a kid. Those Horatio Alger and Merriwell books. They used to send a chill up and down me! I read every book about this man's success, that man's success. I'd wipe the dishes for my mother and I'd say, "Don't worry. Someday you won't have to worry about all those bills. I'll take care of everything."

A good athlete, Wismer won a scholarship to a Wisconsin prep school and went to the University of Florida on a football scholarship. He stayed a year, then left for Michigan State, taking the coach, Charley Bachman, with him. Wismer had learned through a friend that the State coaching job was open.

A leg injury put Wismer on the sidelines, and when Bill Stern and the late Graham McNamee came out to broadcast a Michigan State game he served as a spotter. "If those two guys can do it, this is the business for me," Wismer told Bachman after the game. He began broadcasting on the college station, and he took Bachman

in tow again. "I want to run you for College All-Star coach," he said. "Be great publicity for the school. We ought to go down to Detroit and meet all those industrialists and get some backing." In Detroit, Wismer met G. A. Richards, owner of the Lions and station WJR. "He took a liking to me and I became his protégé," Wismer recalls. "He would go all out for Bachman if the Lions got first crack at Michigan State players."

Sign here

Wismer put Lion players to work making up petitions for Bachman by copying names from the phone book. Bachman finished second in the voting, but when the winner became ill, he got the All-Star coaching job. Wismer himself got a job as the Lions' public address announcer. He was so enthusiastic that Richards put him on WJR in Detroit five nights a week (at \$10 a broadcast) as "Lions' Cub Reporter." He hitchhiked 160 miles a day back and forth from Michigan State to Detroit to keep the job. A year later he quit school.

He successfully ran Gus Dorais for 1937 All-Star coach (he substituted Dorais' name for the names of former office seekers on petitions stored in the county building) and began doing

the Lions' games on radio. The next year Wismer decided to run Harry Kipke, who had been fired from Michigan, as All-Star coach. Kipke told Wismer to check with Harry Bennett, Henry Ford's chief lieutenant. Wismer did, and Bennett, who was planning to make Kipke a regent at Michigan, agreed that Kipke should try for the All-Star job.

"When Bennett spoke, people jumped," Wismer says. "We had petitions made out and sent to every Ford plant in the world. We were getting millions of votes! It was like a presidential election! But Arch Ward [sports editor of the *Chicago Tribune*, the paper sponsoring the vote] was running Bo McMillan, and Kipke couldn't catch up. I even offered Ward a Lincoln car to get Kipke in—I was young and foolish—but he wouldn't take it, of course. On the last day I wired in two and a half million votes, and we were still second. But Kipke was elected regent of the university."

In 1941 Wismer married Betty Bryant, the favorite niece of Henry Ford. They have two children, a son, Henry, named after Ford, and a daughter, Wendy. Wismer and his wife are now divorced, and she is married to Charles Potter, former Senator

from Michigan. When he was an intimate of the Ford family, Wismer lunched at noon with old Henry and again at one with Bennett. "I would have lunch to meet people," he says. "The more people I could meet the better it was. In many ways it's true—it's not what you know but who you know. If you're lucky enough to have any brains and coordinate them with who you know, you've got a chance of getting someplace."

In 1942 Wismer went to Washington, D.C. to broadcast the Washington Redskin games. "I had found that government was having more to do with the running of business," he says, "and I felt it would be wise for me to know the people who had so much to say."

Wismer prospered. Today he is worth almost \$2 million. He bought a 25% interest in the Redskins from their owner, George Marshall, the laundry executive. As a stockholder Wismer began to make his complaints known to Marshall. "I told him," Wismer says, "that it was very obvious that Negroes were playing an important part in pro football, and that we should draft Negroes. He was adamant against it. He said, 'I was born in West Virginia,—or some damn place—and I will never play a Negro on the Redskins.'" The breach widened, and Wismer now has his stock up for sale. "They always call Marshall 'The Laundryman,'" says Wismer. "Hell, the only laundry he knows about is the shirt he's wearing."

At present Wismer is rocketing back and forth across the country broadcasting Notre Dame games and pushing both the Titans and the new American Football League, even if it means knocking the rival National Football League. "We don't have any ex-bookmakers or dog track operators in our league!" he tells one and all. AFL attendance has been low, but each team gets \$200,000 or more a year for television rights. "The whole difference in this league is the sale of television, and your old buddy here sold it," Wismer says, modestly. "The American Football League is the league of the future!"

To protect that future Wismer will go to any lengths. When he heard that Lamar Hunt and Bud Adams, the young Texas millionaires who founded the league, were going to meet secretly with an NFL representative, he had them tailed by a pri-

vate eye. "They were going to meet with Halas at the Chicago Athletic Club," he says. "I know the rooms, everything. Certainly I know they met with Halas. I had to make sure these boys would stand up. They did. After all, we weren't lifelong friends. We're going all the way, and I've got to make sure the people with me are going all the way. I've gambled everything. I'm not getting a dime. I don't have an H.L. Hunt, a Boots Adams or a Conrad Hilton to back me up."

Wismer's day begins at 6:30 in the morning and lasts till midnight. He is constantly on the go. His personal phone bill averages \$1,200 a month. In the evening he often roams his home turf, the East 40s and 50s of Manhattan, boosting his Titans. One night last week, for example, he ranged from the Quo Vadis to a Lexington Avenue bar distributing passes and Titan pens. His foray into Le Pavillon was typical.

"Congratulations!" he cried to Henri Soulé, the proprietor. When Henri looked blank, Wismer added,

"You're doing the greatest job in the country!"

Wismer gave passes to André, the bartender, and to the girl behind the cashier's counter. He moved into the dining room, where he greeted Corrine Griffith, the silent screen star who is George Marshall's ex-wife. Then he spied an old friend. "Hi, Richard!" he called.

"Harry?" exclaimed the Vice-President of the United States.

"Pat?" said Wismer. "Fred!" said Wismer to the Secretary of the Interior. "Bill!" said Wismer to the Attorney General.

Back at the bar, Wismer exulted. "I'm not afraid of anyone," he said, "and I know how to operate. What the hell, how many guys would go in and say what I said to Nixon? What the hell, he's an American citizen! If he doesn't like it, he can get lost."

Wismer left Le Pavillon joyous. "Those people genuinely like me! See that little girl?" He stopped, closed his eyes and clasped his hands together in imitation of the cashier. "She's praying for me?"

END

NATIONAL FOOTBALL LEAGUE

X-RAY OF THE GAMES

	Pts	Yds Rush	Yds Pass	Pct Comp
Packers vs. 49ers	41	249	206	12-26
Lions vs. Colts	34	71	108	15-37
	30	168	133	7-17
	17	85	247	20-40
Cardinals vs. Cowboys	12	226	80	4-22
	10	51	122	10-24
Eagles vs. Browns	31	136	232	17-26
	29	202	249	16-22
Steelers vs. Redskins	27	119	264	14-28
	27	119	250	16-23
Rams vs. Bears	24	136	170	12-24
	24	85	252	21-44

EASTERN CONFERENCE

	Won	Lost	Tied	Pct.
New York	3	0	1	1.000
Philadelphia	4	1	0	.800
Cleveland	3	1	0	.750
Pittsburgh	2	2	1	.500
Washington	1	1	2	.333
St. Louis	2	3	0	.400

WESTERN CONFERENCE

	Won	Lost	Tied	Pct.
Green Bay	3	1	0	.750
Chicago	3	1	1	.750
Baltimore	3	2	0	.600
San Francisco	2	3	0	.400
Detroit	1	3	0	.250
Los Angeles	4	4	1	.500
Dallas	0	5	0	.000

AMERICAN FOOTBALL LEAGUE

X-RAY OF THE GAMES

	Pts	Yds Rush	Yds Pass	Pct Comp
Bills vs. Raiders	38	79	250	15-34
	9	85	134	16-40
Oilers vs. Titans	42	77	287	18-34
	28	90	363	24-44
Broncos vs. Patriots	31	71	287	20-38
	24	211	223	15-33

EASTERN DIVISION

	Won	Lost	Tied	Pct.
Houston	5	1	0	.833
New York	4	3	0	.571
Boston	2	4	0	.333
Buffalo	2	4	0	.333

WESTERN DIVISION

	Won	Lost	Tied	Pct.
Denver	4	2	0	.667
Los Angeles	3	3	0	.500
Oakland	3	4	0	.429
Dallas	2	4	0	.333



FOOTBALL IN THE RAIN

For a fan a leaky sky means three chill hours under umbrella, parka or slicker (opposite: drenched crowd at last year's Oklahoma-Northwestern game). A wet fan may draw some comfort from a flask, but for a player rain means fumbles and real mud in his eye.

CONTINUED





High-stepping in mud, Purdue's Donn Mayoras slips past Wisconsin's Perry Huxhold.



Planting his left foot firmly in a mud puddle in the end zone, Purdue's Joe Kulbacki scores.





Drenched by downpour, Northwestern's Pom-Pom Girls waded in sideline mire during Oklahoma game.



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 **ARROW** 

A season for sophomores

**From Washington to Florida
the nation's football teams
glitter with second-year men**

IOWA was losing to Michigan State 15-14 in the closing moments of the game three weeks ago when an Iowa fumble picked off a State fumble in mid-air and ran 67 yards for a touchdown and victory. The fullback was Joe Williams, a sophomore. Two weeks ago, against Wisconsin, Iowa was tied 21-21 with less than a minute to play. Then a halfback made a sprawling catch of a forward pass over the goal line to score the winning touchdown. The halfback was Summie Harris, another sophomore.

Last week, with Iowa leading Purdue 7-0, Purdue moved deep into Iowa territory. Purdue's Bernie Allen tried to pass, was hit and fumbled. Iowa's center caught the ball in the air and ran 84 yards for a touchdown. Iowa won the game 21-14. The center who scored the touchdown was Dayton Perry, still another sophomore.

Iowa's heroic sophomores are by no means isolated cases. This season, more than ever before, it seems, sophomores are playing important roles in Saturday's results—Charlie Mitchell of Washington, for example, Bert Coan of Kansas, Bobby Dodd Jr. of Florida.

"The whole country seems to have come up with good sophomores," says Michigan Coach Bump Elliott. "I think one reason for it is the excellence of high school coaching today. But another is the trend toward larger squads. Coaches use more players nowadays, and that gives the sophomores more opportunity to play. The liberal substituting rules help, too. We can run a lot of kids into a game and get them out again fast if things go wrong."

Elliott himself has two good sophomores on whom he has depended heavily this season: Halfback Dave Raimsey

and Quarterback Dave Glinka. Both boys selected Michigan as their college with almost professional care. Raimsey comes from Ohio, but he would have no part of Ohio State. "That pound and crush stuff Mr. [Woody] Hayes teaches isn't for me," he said. "I want to get out where I can run. I love to run." The first time Raimsey got the ball this season he ran—25 yards for a touchdown.

Glinka is the first sophomore to quarterback a Michigan team in over 20 years. "I looked the situation over at other places," he said, "and I decided this is where they'd have use for a sophomore quarterback. The other places were set with juniors and seniors. I just didn't want to wait."

Texas Christian has a sophomore quarterback, too, probably the largest quarterback in the country. He is Sonny Gibbs, a 6-foot 7-inch, 230-pound Texan who wears contact lenses. "I was so nervous before my first game I couldn't put the lenses in," he said. "But once I got in there I forgot about the crowd and just played." He is being called the best TCU passer since Sammy Baugh.

Charlie Mitchell of Washington is another sophomore who was nervous before his first game. The second time he got the ball he ran 17 yards, brushing off two tacklers, only to trip and fall flat on his face two yards short of the goal. "I was real nervous," he said afterward. "I just tripped over a blade of grass." Mitchell hasn't tripped since. Against Idaho he ran back a kickoff 85 yards for a touchdown. Against Stanford he took a punt and went 59 yards for another touchdown.

Terry Baker of Oregon State was wanted by dozens of colleges, for basketball and baseball as well as football. As a matter of fact, Baker as a freshman decided to give up football and concentrate on the other two sports. This year, happily for Oregon State, Baker changed

continued



WISCONSIN'S MILLER



OREGON STATE'S BAKER



WASHINGTON'S MITCHELL



KANSAS' COAN

his mind and went back to football. Playing tailback in State's single-wing attack, last week against Washington, Baker passed for 215 yards (he's a right-handed pitcher in baseball but in football he passes left-handed) and ran for 87 more, including two touchdowns. That set a new school record for total yardage in one game and put Baker second in the nation in total offense.

When Ron Miller of Wisconsin went out for football, he was out with the scrubs. In the second scrimmage he led a team of substitutes

to a 39-6 victory over the regulars. Since then he has been the starting quarterback. He passed for 293 yards against Purdue, setting a school record against Big Ten competition. Miller is now third in the nation in total offense, just behind Baker. His roommates consider Miller's greatest asset his mother, who cooks and sends him delicious Bohemian food.

There are plenty of good sophomore linemen around, too, although like most linemen, they have not made the big headlines. Mississippi has a 238-pound sophomore tackle named Jim Dunaway, a quiet, diligent Baptist with a devout appetite.

Dunaway's high school coach tells of the morning the two of them were driving to a game. Not long after breakfast, they stopped for coffee. As they were leaving, Dunaway asked the waitress for some pie. She started to get him a slice, and he said no, he meant the whole pie and he'd take it with him. A short mile and a half up the road the coach heard the empty aluminum piepan hit the highway.

Michigan State, too, has a boy who likes to eat. In prep school Dave Behrman weighed 285 pounds, but in college he was put on a diet. He now weighs a leathery 247. "He looks

FOOTBALL'S SIXTH WEEK by MERVIN HYMAN

For once, form held reasonably firm and, with the season half over, 11 of the nation's major college football teams were still unbeaten and untied. Some, like Mississippi (6-0), Iowa (5-0), Minnesota (5-0), Baylor (5-0) and Rutgers (5-0), had some fitful moments but managed to survive. However, Navy (6-0), Missouri (6-0), New Mexico State (6-0), Utah State (6-0), Syracuse (5-0) and Yale (5-0) simply overwhelmed their foes.

THE EAST

Navy had its Joe Bellino and Penn had little but its tarnished Ivy League reputation as the two teams met in the last game of their 72-year-old series. While a stern Navy defense held Penn to 64 yards, Bellino stirred up the Midships with two touchdowns (for a new Naval Academy single-season scoring record: 68 points), led them to an easy 27-0 victory.

With no Navy facing them, the other Ivy teams looked more competent. Princeton outlasted Cornell 21-18 and moved into a first-place tie with Yale, an easy 35-14 winner over independent Colgate. Harvard, resorting to ball control to thwart Dartmouth's defensive maneuvers, scored on a 30-yard reverse pass from Halfback Bruce MacIntyre to Bob Mossenbaugh to beat the Indians 9-6.

Boston College shocked unbeaten Miami with two first-half touchdowns, then held on grimly with a pair of last-quarter goal line stands to earn a 14-14 tie. Army, behind second-string Quarterback Dick Eckert, romped over Villanova 34-9.

Not all the good football last Saturday was reserved for the name teams. Some of it was played in the shadow of the steel mills at Bethlehem, Pa., where Rutgers and Lehigh, a couple of little giants, battered each other until Rutgers emerged with an 8-0 victory and one tentative hand on the Middle Atlantic title. In the

last quarter, fired up by No. 2 Quarterback Bill Speranza, Rutgers marched 49 yards, the last two by Halfback Bill Thompson, for the only touchdown. The top three:

1. SYRACUSE (5-0)
2. NAVY (6-0)
3. PENN STATE (3-0)

THE MIDWEST

Resourceful Iowa, needled into a ground game when Purdue effectively stifled Quarterback Wilburn Hollis' passes, crunched to a 21-9 lead on two short runs by Hollis and sub Center Dayton Perry's 84-yard sprint with a fumble. But the Badsmakers, who rarely give up easily,

suddenly had the Hawkeyes scrambling for their lives. Quarterback Bernie Allen pitched a 16-yard touchdown pass to Halfback Jim Tiller and ran for another score before Purdue reluctantly succumbed 21-14. Gapped Iowa Coach Forest Evaschewski: "These last three Saturdays have been rugged. I still feel as if we had a tiger by the tail." And the tiger may yet turn on the Hawkeyes, who have to play Minnesota and Ohio State on successive weekends in November.

Meanwhile Minnesota continued to win. Coach Murray Warmath had his linemen shooting the gap to put intolerable pressure on Dave Glinka, Michigan's sophomore quarterback, forcing Glinka and his fellow Wolverines into numerous errors. Minnesota was 10-0 when reserve Fullback Jim Rogers plunged for a touchdown, kicked the point after and added a 22-yard field goal. Ohio State Coach Woody Hayes used three rangy tackles in the middle of his defensive line to harass Wisconsin's talented Ron Miller, and three deep backs to guard against the long pass. It worked, and the Buckeyes' Tom Matte and Bob Ferguson, who pounded a way relentlessly at the Badgers, did the rest for a 34-7 victory.

Illinois scored the first two times it got the ball (on Marshall Stark's three-yard plunge and Gerald Wood's 24-yard field goal), then held off Penn State's late drive to beat the Nittany Lions 10-8; Michigan State got little more than a good workout while beating Indiana 35-9; Northwestern's Dick Thornton, his long passing frustrated by Notre Dame, struck often enough at the flanks to give the Wildcats a 7-6 triumph over the Irish.

The only thing certain in the Big Eight was that the ultimate champion of this vastly improved conference would be an awfully good team. Kansas subdued stubborn Oklahoma State 14-7, Oklahoma

SIXTH WEEK LEADERS

(NCAA statistics)

SCORING	TO	PT	FG	PY	PTE.
Galters, New Mexico State	15	2	0	92	
Bellino, Navy	11	2	0	48	
N. Jones, Arizona State	7	16	3	67	
RUSHING	R	YDS.	AVG.		
Galters, New Mexico State	120	836	6.97		
Lansched, Utah State	74	715	9.70		
Ferguson, Ohio State	54	354	5.48		
PASSING	A	G	PCT.	YDS.	TD.
H. Stephens, Hardin-Simmons	139	75	.540	834	2
Melin, Washington State	121	49	.570	957	6
C. Johnson, New Mexico State	113	67	.588	868	8
TOTAL OFFENSE	R	P	YDS.		
Dyer, Miami	156	839	1,070		
T. Baker, Oregon State	391	622	1,013		
R. Miller, Washington	35	867	942		
TEAM TOTAL OFFENSE	PLAYS	YDS.	GAME AVG.		
New Mexico State	404	2,505	417.5		
Utah State	404	2,462	410.3		
Memphis State	347	2,263	377.3		
TEAM TOTAL DEFENSE	PLAYS	YDS.	GAME AVG.		
Wyoming	235	816	136.0		
Syracuse	272	694	138.8		
Auburn	236	389	161.8		

like a starved giant," says MSU Coach Duffy Daugherty. "I knew he could be our finest defensive lineman, and he hasn't let us down." Behrman displayed his awesome strength at the Pan American wrestling trials last summer, when he was just out of high school. Matched against an older, more experienced opponent, Behrman wrestled on even terms for seven minutes, then shocked the gallery by standing suddenly, lifting his opponent and slamming him to the mat.

There are many other fine sophomores around the land. Bobby Dodd Jr. of Florida was instrumental in

beating Georgia Tech, where his father is head coach. Kansas' Bert Coan, a high school sprint champion, is tied for second in Big Eight scoring. An 18-year-old lineman from Ohio named Dave Meggysay has been one of the big reasons why Syracuse, otherwise disappointing, has been so rugged on defense.

These and the dozens of other top sophomores can look forward to two seasons more of college football glory, but they should lend an ear to the cautionary advice of Texas Christian Coach Abe Martin: "One of the big things coaches must watch for these days is the older player getting com-

placent, particularly if he's done well. He gets a little tired of college football. He's thinking about the pro offers and he wants to get married and all sorts of things. He still plays good ball, of course, because he has pride. But sometimes he won't give you the enthusiasm he would have a year earlier—that extra step or powder in a block."

In short, this year's sophomores must remember that they won their jobs because older players weren't good enough. Next year and the year after they'll be the older players, and there'll be new crops of sophomores eager to make the starting team.

ran over Kansas State 49-7, and Missouri and Colorado enhanced their already impressive reputations.

Missouri's rabbit-legged backs, especially Mel West and Donnie Smith (who ran a punt back 88 yards), were down Iowa State with their wide sweeps, took the wind out of the Cyclones 34-8. Colorado's Olympic sprinter and NCAA 400-meter champion Ted Woods, who wasn't given a chance to run in Rome, made the most of his opportunity against Nebraska and carried a kickoff back 95 yards for the go-ahead touchdown in a 19-6 victory. The top three:

1. IOWA (9-0)
2. MINNESOTA (5-3)
3. MISSOURI (4-1)

THE SOUTH

It was another sorrowful week for Clemson Coach Frank Howard, who grimly watched Duke trap his Tigers 21-6 and move closer to the Atlantic Coast title. The Blue Devils' Bill Murray, who "discovered" the pass this year, kept Quarterback Don Altman throwing long enough to build up a 14-6 lead, then sat back to enjoy himself after sophomore Mark Leggett ran 70 yards for another touchdown. Clemson tried desperately to mount an offense, but was forced to give up the ball on the one-yard line twice in the last quarter. There was little cheer for Wake Forest, which lost to Maryland 14-13, and North Carolina, which tumbled into the cellar after losing to South Carolina 22-6. But North Carolina State got another first-class performance from Quarterback Roman Gabriel, who completed nine straight passes, two for touchdowns, in the first half, plunged for another and led the Wolfpack past Mississippi Southern 20-13.

The woods were full of challengers in the Southeastern Conference. Florida's Larry Liberator squirmed through the LSU



BACK OF THE WEEK: Ohio State Quarterback Tom Matte dazzled Wisconsin with fakes, ran for 108 yards, passed for two touchdowns.



LINEMAN OF THE WEEK: Colorado Guard Joe Romig, an astronomy buff, starred against Nebraska, made 11 tackles in first 12 plays.

line for 66 yards and a touchdown on the game's first play, but it was End Bill Cash who finally did in the puncheon Tigers. Cash kicked 47- and 35-yard field goals in the third quarter to give Florida a 13-10 victory and a first-place tie with Mississippi. Georgia's Francis Tarkenton ruffled Kentucky's feelings with his wonderful passing, tossed to End Bill McKenny for two touchdowns, and a 17-13 win.

Billy Williamson, a scatty 5-foot 9-inch, 160-pound halfback, neatly picked off one of Tulane Quarterback Phil Nugent's passes in the third period, ran it back 31 yards to give Georgia Tech a 14-6 victory over the Green Wave.

Syracuse practiced on winless West Virginia, treated the gum Mountaineers to a devastating display of power and won 45-0. The top three:

1. MISSISSIPPI (9-0)
2. TENNESSEE (6-3)
3. DUKE (4-1)

THE WEST

For 30 minutes it looked as though Washington would get no closer to the Rose Bowl than Portland's Multnomah Stadium. The enigmatic Husky defense had been shot full of holes by Oregon State's remarkable sophomore tailback, Terry Baker, who led his team to a 22-7 halftime lead and eventually accumulated 215 yards by passing and 87 more by rushing. Injured Bob Schloridt wasn't there to move the Huskies, and his replacement, Bob Hyman, had enjoyed little success. But suddenly Washington came alive. Halfbacks George Fleming and Charlie Mitchell slipped, slid and slashed through the painfully thin Beaver line for three touchdowns. With 2:07 remaining, Hyman backed over from the one-yard line, and Fleming kicked the extra point to give Washington a 30-29 victory and a new sniff at the roses.

continued

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MILD SMOKING MIXTURE



NEW FACES: Mark Leggett (left), Duke Hallback, jiggled loose for 70 yards on end sweep to help whip Clemson; precocious Dick Eckert, No. 2 Army quarterback, paraded for two scores, ran for one, rushed for 76 yards against Villanova.

FOOTBALL'S WEEK *continued*

Stubby, elusive Cleveland Jones ran California dizzy, gave Oregon a 20-0 win over the Bears. UCLA took a while to warm to its task, but finally heated up sufficiently to scalp Stanford 28-8.

Wyoming stuck to simple offense, simple defense and just enough passing to keep Air Force loose, gave Rich Mayo his most difficult day and brought down the stamping Falcons 15-0. The top three:

1. WASHINGTON (5-1)
2. UCLA (3-1-1)
3. OREGON STATE (4-2)

THE SOUTHWEST

It will take many a bourbon and water to make Arkansas forget what happened to their Razorbacks last Saturday. For 59 minutes and 57 seconds Arkansas had played Mississippi even. The score stood at 7-7. Mississippi had apparently kicked a field goal with 25 seconds to play, but the play had been called back by the officials. Then with just three seconds to go, the Rebels' Allen Green tried another from the 29-yard line. He kicked the ball, and the referee's arms went up to signify that the kick was good. Arkansas howled in protest. Ole Miss had a 10-7 victory, but there wasn't a Razorback supporter worth his salt who didn't insist and will continue to insist until his dying day—that the kick was wide.

Kirk's Owls, booting more belligerently with each passing week, caught Texas with its mistakes showing and upset the Longhorns 7-0 on Quarterback Billy Cox's two-yard sprint. Baylor's lagging offense perked up in time to beat Texas A&M 14-0; Texas Tech smothered SMU 23-7 for its first SWC victory.

TCU and Pitt went into their game with identical records: two wins, two losses, one tie, one gang fight. They came out of it with identical records: two wins, two losses, two ties, two gang fights. Each team scored once for a 7-7 tie; the last-minute brawl ended in no decision. The top three:

1. BAYLOR (5-3)
2. RICE (4-1)
3. ARKANSAS (4-2)

SATURDAY'S TOUGH ONES

Yale over Dartmouth. The unbeaten Elis are understandably wary of Dartmouth, despite the Indians' loss to Harvard. But better offense will win for Yale.

Syracuse over Pitt. The Panthers have been struggling to make both ends meet. Syracuse has been lagging, but this may be the week for its power to explode.

Duke over Georgia Tech. A close one. The Blue Devils are reaching for national ranking and will drive hard against sometimes disappointing Tech.

Rice over Texas Tech. The way things are going in the Southwest Conference, the Owls could go all the way. Imaginative quarterbacking and stubborn defense give the edge to Rice.

Iowa over Kansas. Big Ten prestige is at stake and the Hawkeyes can't afford to relax against a fine Kansas team. Iowa passes will do the trick.

Missouri over Nebraska. The Missouri swifties have too much speed even for Nebraska's tenacious defenders. Those wide sweeps will bother the Cornhuskers.

Ohio State over Michigan State. Ohio State power will overwhelm the Spartans. And Buckeye Quarterback Tom Matte can pass if he has to.

Wisconsin over Michigan. It takes a lot of defense to stop Wisconsin's Ron Miller and the Wolverines haven't got quite enough. Michigan is still learning.

Washington over Oregon. After two scares, the Huskies should be used to doing without Bob Schloredt. They will win the hard way, on the ground with fast Halfbacks George Fleming and Charlie Mitchell.

UCLA over North Carolina State. The Bruin single wing is potent, but the defense will have to find a way to stop State's Roman Gabriel.

Other games

NAVY OVER NOTRE DAME
AUBURN OVER FLORIDA
TENNESSEE OVER NORTH CAROLINA
MISSISSIPPI OVER LSU
BAYLOR OVER TCU
ARIZONA STATE OVER NEW MEXICO STATE
PURDUE OVER ILLINOIS
COLORADO OVER OKLAHOMA
OREGON STATE OVER CALIFORNIA
WYOMING OVER UTAH

LAST WEEK'S PREDICTIONS:
10 RIGHT, 5 WRONG, 3 TIES
SEASON'S RECORD: 10-44-6

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A New Quiz

If certain defects become apparent in the slam-bidding practices of the casual player, it is usually because he is weighed down by an excess of conventions. It is well to remember that Blackwood and its kinfolk were designed not solely for the purpose of bidding slams but also of avoiding them. Too often a slam convention is employed before an accurate assessment of strength has been made. This is a ticket to disaster.

Strict attention should be paid to point-count valuations of the hands when a slam is sensed. Remember there are 40 high-card points in a deck. When a partnership determines that the opponents can have no more than seven, conditions are favorable for a slam. Below is a test on slam bidding. Try all 10 questions and see how well you can do.



1 As South you hold:



NORTH	EAST	SOUTH	WEST
1♠	PASS	1♠	PASS
2♦	PASS	?	

What do you bid now?

3 As South you hold:



NORTH	EAST	SOUTH	WEST
1♠	PASS	1♥	PASS
2♣	PASS	3♥	PASS
5♥	PASS	?	

What do you bid now?

5 As South you hold:



NORTH	EAST	SOUTH	WEST
1♠	PASS	1♥	PASS
3♥	PASS	?	

What do you bid now?

2 As South you hold:



NORTH	EAST	SOUTH	WEST
1♠	1♥	?	

What do you bid?

4 As South you hold:



SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
2♠	PASS	3♣	PASS
?			

What do you bid now?

6 As South you hold:



SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
1♠	PASS	2♣	PASS
3♣	PASS	3♥	PASS
?			

What do you bid now?

7 As South you hold:



NORTH	EAST	SOUTH	WEST
10	PASS	10	PASS
2 N.T.	PASS	3 N.T.	PASS
3 N.T.	PASS	?	

What do you bid now?

8 As South you hold:



SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
10	PASS	10	PASS
?			

What do you bid now?

9 As South you hold:



SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
10	PASS	2 N.T.	PASS
?			

What do you bid now?

10 As South you hold:



NORTH	EAST	SOUTH	WEST
2 N.T.	PASS	?	

What do you bid?

TURN PAGE FOR THE ANSWERS



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SPEED ILLUSTRATION October 31, 1960 59

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for sportsmen

Mishawaka,
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TRADE
MARK

LOOK FOR THE RED BALL

GOREN'S QUIZ continued

HERE ARE THE ANSWERS

1 THREE HEARTS. You have the equivalent of an opening bid and partner has opened and jumped. This suggests a slam. Among ways of communicating this to partner, one of the most common is a cue bid. Your three-heart bid will be recognized as ace-showing when later you vigorously support partner's diamonds.

2 TWO SPADES. A jump shift announcing interest in slam. Later you will cue bid in hearts, announcing control of that suit (either the ace or a void). Then support for clubs may be shown depending upon how the bidding develops. On the first round you were faced with the choice of an immediate cue bid in hearts or the jump shift in spades. I prefer the latter, because if the cue bid is made first you may find it difficult to portray the quality of your splendid spade suit. The spade bid followed by a rebid of that suit should convince partner of the excellence of your own trump suit.

3 SIX HEARTS. Thus far you have done nothing but respond to the opening bid. Your rebid of three hearts was not aggressive action; it was in response to partner's jump shift of two spades, an absolute force.

4 FOUR CLUBS. This action will fix the trump suit. Partner is expected to show an ace if he has one. If, over your four-club bid, he should bid four hearts, a grand slam in clubs ought to be a cinch. If partner does not have the ace of hearts you will have to settle for a small slam. Blackwood would not be helpful, for if partner should show one ace, it would be impossible for you to tell which it was. The Blackwood four no-trump bid should be bypassed where you hold a void.

5 FOUR DIAMONDS. Partner has opened the bidding and jumped so you should prepare for big things by showing support for his suit. Partner should recognize this as a slam try, otherwise you would hardly let the opponents know of your diamond support. If a mere game were

your concern, you could simply proceed to four hearts.

6 FOUR DIAMONDS. A bid of three no trump is not recommended for you have more than a minimum and partner has put up strong bidding. He must be interested in the king of diamonds, and this is the ideal place to impart that information.

7 FIVE NO TRUMP. Your hand is better than an opening bid, and partner has opened the bidding and jumped. This normally suggests a slam. A mathematical calculation runs something like this: you have 13 points in high cards and partner has promised about 19. Two five-card suits enhance your high-card count. Over your five no-trump bid partner can contract for slam in either of your suits or in no trump.

8 THREE CLUBS. This hand, including distribution, counts 23 points and merits a jump-shift forcing rebid to insure reaching at least a game. A direct raise from one to four spades would show a powerful hand but would not do justice to your holding. Such a bid is frequently based on distribution; the jump shift definitely promises high-card strength.

9 FOUR NO TRUMP. This is not Blackwood when it is a direct raise of no trump, but it is a slam invitation. You have 18 points and a good five-card suit. If partner has a minimum two no-trump response (13 points), he should pass; if he has 15 points (the maximum for a two no-trump response) he should bid slam.

10 FOUR CLUBS. An immediate response of four clubs to an opening bid of one, two or three no trump must be construed as the Gerber convention asking for aces. If partner responds with four diamonds, showing all four aces, you will be in a position to count 13 tricks and will bid a grand slam. If he shows three aces, you will settle for a small slam, and if he shows only two aces, it is desirable that he reread the text on the requirements for an opening two no-trump bid.

END



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Goodby, Casey, goodbye!

At an odd press conference the Yankees fired their manager, then saw him steal the show

At 11:45 a.m. Le Salon Bleu of New York's Savoy Hilton Hotel was a tangle of activity—reporters, photographers, TV and newsreel cameras, klieg lights, webs of wire. Here the New York Yankees would answer the biggest question of the day: was Casey Stengel finished as Yankee manager?

At seven minutes after 12, Stengel arrived. He was immediately caught up in a tight ring of reporters. Everyone seemed tense. The newsmen made hollow jokes and small talk and tried to soften their stares with smiles. Stengel grinned self-consciously and kept turning round and round inside the circle. The flash of strobe lights pocked his eyes and whitened his wrinkled skin.

"Let's start the meeting please," someone yelled. The TV and newsreel men made frenzied signs and called, "Over here, Case, sit over here," but the group settled at a microphone far from the lights of the photographers.

When Yankee Owner Dan Topping took his place at the microphone Stengel edged into the front row of reporters. Standing still and expressionless, he looked strangely out of place. Far from being the gruff and weathered dean of the dugouts, he resembled a little boy dressed up for his first communion—dark blue suit, clean white shirt, shoes shined, stubborn hair neatly parted and slicked down on either side.

Topping stood stiffly against the microphone, unfolded a sheet of white paper and began to read in flat, throaty tones. Casey Stengel, he said, "has been—and deservedly—the

highest-paid manager in baseball history." Stengel gazed straight ahead, plainly nervous, his face stiff as a shin guard. He jiggled his knees and rocked lightly on the balls of his feet. Now and again he peeked at the notes of the reporter next to him.

"Casey has been and is a great manager," Topping said with an obvious lack of enthusiasm. Then he added that Casey was being well rewarded—\$160,000 "to do with as he pleases." Afterward a reporter asked, "Do you mean he's through? Has he resigned?" There was no reply.

Stengel stepped to the microphone, tightened his tie, straightened his jacket, stuck his hands in his pockets and started talking. At first his delivery was jerky and uncertain, but in a matter of seconds he was speaking with all the old assurance. "Mr. Webb and Mr. Topping," he said, "have started a program for the Yankees. They needed a solution as to when to discharge a man on account of age." Casey put the matter simply: "My services are not desired any longer by this club. I told them if this was their idea not to worry about me." As newsmen scribbled furiously, he rambled on with increasing momentum, crossing his arms, then waving them, tilting his head, raising and lowering his voice.

If I were king

Casey swung into a eulogy of his 1960 Yankees, then declared: "If I had come back, I would have wanted certain things done. I got to run the players on the field and say who comes and goes. I've always handed in my own lineups, with none of the office people telling me what to do."

"Casey, were you fired?" someone shouted. "No, I wasn't fired!" Stengel shouted back. "I was paid up in full." The reporters laughed, but Stengel barely smiled. "Write anything you want," he said. "Quit, fired,



CONTINUED MOMENT of amity brings Stengel and Topping before TV cameras.

whatever you please. I don't care."

During the hubbub a slight, elderly man squeezed around one end of the crowd of reporters and slipped up to Stengel. "Mr. Casey," he said, sticking out his hand, "I've lived in New York City 79 years, and..." Casey shook the man's hand and grinned, but one reporter said, "Go away, go away! We don't want you here," and another growled, "Beat it, and call him on the telephone." The old man was hustled away.

Stengel finally yielded to pressures from the television men and waded toward their cluttered corner. "What are you gonna ask me here," he asked, "the same questions?" Casey sat on a rose-colored Victorian couch, squinted into the lights and told his first interviewer, "You better let Topping say something too." Then he hunched over the microphone and started talking.

Someone broke in to tell Stengel: "An Associated Press bulletin says you're fired, Case. What do you think about that?"

"What do I care what the A.P.


couldn't



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A CORRECTION

In the October 1968 issue of this publication, the new Chevy Corvair heater was inadvertently advertised as, "Optional at no extra cost." This was a typographical error and the reference to the heater obviously should have read, "Optional at extra cost." We regret its occurrence and any misunderstanding it might have caused.

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BASBALL explores

says," he growled. "Their opinion ain't going to send me into any faunting spell. Anyway," he added with a little grin, "what about the U.P.?"

Would Casey name his all-time favorite team? "Well, I'd like to, but I'd be too fast for you—you wouldn't understand me." A couple of hotel maintenance men slid into the circle of cameras and listened with wide-eyed attention. Finally the Klieg lights went off, and Casey headed for the bar. "I'm gonna get a drink," he announced. "Where's a drink?"

As he sipped a bourbon and soda, the New York baseball writers crowded sadly and sentimentally around him. Stengel seemed the least concerned of the group. He talked about his pennant winners and about his troubles keeping his "retirement" a secret. "I been hiding out for three days," he said. "I didn't answer the phone at all."

Talk to Dan

Before he had finished his drink, he was called back to the couch for a joint interview with Topping. Only two microphones remained. The floor around them was littered with crumpled press announcements and cocktail napkins. Casey talked over, under and around the questions, and Topping said: "I'm just sorry Casey isn't 50 years old, but all business comes to a point when it's best for the future to make a chance."

At 1:45 Stengel was back at the bar. A radio man with a tape recorder approached him. "Another one?" Casey said. "I didn't give you an interview? Sure I will. Come on." After that the remaining newspapermen gathered around, and Casey started telling stories.

First there was Boston and how the wind off the Charles River held up the home run balls and made him look like a bad manager. Then there was Jackie Jensen and what a hell of a football player he had been, and Billy Martin, always a Stengel favorite. "Whatever you say about Martin," said Casey seriously, "remember he could of been much worse outside of baseball." Casey, once again the nonstop raconteur with the adoring audience, looked almost happy.

At 2:25 the hangers-on went into the dining room for lunch. Topping was there and Casey sat down with

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him, but there was little conversation between them. Casey seemed quieter and even asked a few questions himself. The talk centered around old pals and old times—the Coast League days, John McGraw, George Weiss. When a Yankee official stopped at the table Casey told him: "I'm taking a jet home, and I'm charging it to the club. A man gets his transportation home even if they don't want him any more." He was smiling but not joking.

One for the road

After lunch Stengel got up to leave but a red-faced photographer waved him down for one more drink. "Well, O.K.," Casey said. "Just for five minutes. Then I'll get outta town." He ordered another bourbon, leaned over the table and started in again. His voice was low and a little hoarse now, but the eyes were steady and intent, the hands were alive, the whole repertoire intact.

The talk centered on Casey's latter-day career. He had had several chances to change in recent years, he said, but he had stayed with his Yankees and he had no regrets. He talked about his first Yankees, the 1949 bunch, and about Yogi Berra.

A waitress pushed through a curtain and rushed up to Stengel, arms extended. "This is the only chance I'll ever get," she said. "I got to kiss you." She pecked him on the cheekbone and whispered, "God bless you." Casey said, "Thank you very much," and she hurried back through the curtain.

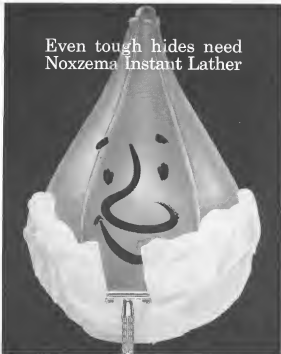
Finally, Stengel stood up. "I gotta go home to my parents," he said, and headed for the door. The red-faced photographer shook his head. "I'm gonna miss that old bastard," he said.

On the corner of Fifth and 58th Stengel talked with one last reporter. A brisk breeze plucked at his tie and rustled his white hair. A cabbie parked near the corner said, "Hey, that's Casey Stengel, ain't it? I hear they just canned him. Tough, but hell, he don't need the money. He's a millionaire."

The light turned red on Fifth Avenue, and Casey Stengel, millionaire and former manager of the New York Yankees, started across. Halfway there he broke into his stooping, scuttling trot. He hopped onto the curb, paused a moment, then disappeared into the crowd.

END

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Integration in the basset world

A moderately amiable peace treaty is negotiated between show and field basset hounds

FOR a quarter of a century, or ever since its founding, the Basset Hound Club of America periodically has resounded with low and menacing growls. The growlers are the members, and their well-chewed bone of contention has been the relative merits of field and show bassets—i.e., those bassets who hunt rabbits to justify their existence and those bassets who merely stand around at dog shows and look sadly appealing. Field bassets, say the show dog partisans, may be swift of foot and keen of nose in pursuit of quarry, all right, but they look like a bag of rags, are carelessly bred and in general seem to be going to the dogs. Show bassets, the field people are quick to answer, may be handsomely conformed, all right, but they are also overweight, overbred and more likely to run from a rabbit than chase one. Recently, however, for the first time in the club's history, the two factions of bassetry suspended personal animus long enough to show that their barks were worse than their backbites. They actually got together for a combination field trial and conformation show. The truce did not do anything to establish whose argument was the sounder, but it did move the world of basset hound fanciers a few steps nearer to integration.



ONLY MINOR DIFFERENCES SEPARATE SHOW BASSET (LEFT) AND FIELD BASSET

Because of its dual structure, the meeting was the largest all-basset assembly in the memory of anyone present. It was held in Lebanon County, Pennsylvania, an agreeable agrarian region 80 miles west of Philadelphia. The weather was agreeable, too, being of the pumpkin pie and apple cider sort, and the fields and thickets were appropriately aglow with the season's colors. Some 200 bassets, and slightly fewer people, had collected from the states of lower New England and the Middle West.

The field trials were spread over a three-day weekend, and as the low-slung bassets went waddling in full cry after the rabbits that run wild on the land, a babble of baying and howling and woofing rose from their

throats. "It's quite a racket they're making," said a show dog man, laying down his comb and shampoo lotion, his whisker snips and toenail clippers to climb the nearest hillside for a look at the goings on.

"Well, it sounds to me like celestial music," said one overalled field dog man in transport.

From the hill, as the bassets emerged from the sea of high grass, both factions could glimpse the hounds running in pairs, while two judges on horseback followed to keep score. Each dog's ability to straddle the rabbit's trail, to give the proper tracking signals (a basset is obliged to bay when he's on the trail, to button his lip when he's off it) and to recover the scent should it be lost were con-

HELD BACK BY HANDLERS, FIELD BASSETS EAGERLY WAIT THEIR TURNS IN TRIALS



sidered in the judging. When the judges finished, the dogs were called off, and the rabbit hopped home free. The best rabbit hound in the field, the judges finally concluded, was Shellbark's Michie, a female owned by Loren Free of Bainbridge, Ohio.

On the night of the first day the show dog people had their turn, and the field people, reciprocally, came to watch and wonder. The conformation show was conducted in the Mount Zion Fire House Hall, where some 60 bassets, fat, lazy and complacent as dowagers, were subjected to considerable undignified probing and inspection by a judge who searched relentlessly for the best set of teeth, the most forehead wrinkles, the longest ears, the shortest legs (the word basset is a corruption of the French meaning "low set"), the loosest skin, the straightest back and the gayest gait. While the show people beamed with proprietary pride, the field people graciously admitted that they had seen some pretty fair specimens of basset hound that night, in particular the best-in-show winner, Ch. The Ring's Brunhilde, owned by Robert Noerr of Stamford, Conn.

But for all the outward signs of prevailing good fellowship among the two breeds of basset lovers, they were still divided by rifts too wide to be bridged by a single get-together. Perhaps the greatest compromise was achieved at the annual meeting held during the weekend, when the show dog people, an admitted 30% minority, eagerly engineered the election of their candidate for president—a field trial man suspected of tolerance toward show bassets.

With this augury of mutual understanding to build on, the members unanimously decided to repeat the combination outing next year. And one man went a long way out on bassetry's liberal limb and disclosed plans to train two of his show dogs for the field "just to prove that co-existence is feasible."

"We probably all got a chance," said a field basset man, "to realize that the difference in our attitudes was a lot greater than the difference in our dogs."

"At least," said a lady from Connecticut who favors the show ring, "we made some progress by occasionally making reference to the field dog people by some word other than just 'they.'"

END

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FLORIDA KEYS

Continued from page 19

wind came from the bay side. This made a lot of difference to Key Colony Beach, a multimillion-dollar development facing the ocean. E. P. Sudowski, the developer, greeted us so cheerfully that, by contrast with less fortunate resort owners, he almost seemed jubilant. His area had no wave damage at all, although the wind tore roofs off buildings, knocked down walls and did other damage. But no

picture was not as rosy. There Gene and Betty Florimont admitted they were having trouble with the insurance adjusters, and the rate at which they could rebuild would be determined by the settlement. They were going ahead with dock repairs because docks are not insurable. Their cottages, which had been shoved into odd positions, would have to wait.

"We're coming back the hard way but we're coming back," Mrs. Florimont said. She was happy to add that they had saved their pet pelican.



FISHING CAMP OWNERS Gene and Betty Florimont never considered abandoning Keys "Marathon," they say of their loss, "is a disease, and none of us has lost the disease."

water was involved, so his insurance claims were not disputed.

Scores of workmen were putting back roofs and rebuilding interiors. Sudowski has settled on a Hawaiian motif, which will feature a huge golden goddess with smoke coming out of her eyes. "The Hawaiian motif is very popular these days," Sudowski said. The entire resort, including restaurant, convention hall, golf course and beach will be ready by December 15.

At Hall's Camp in Marathon, the

They took him with them up to Miami to escape the storm, and then flew him back home in an air taxi.

Nearby, at the Davis Docks, a place with 42 cottages and three-quarters of a mile of dock space utilized by charter boats and visiting yachts, contracts were just being let to rebuild the docks. Mrs. Iva Storm Davis, the spry, elderly owner, said the docks would be finished in six weeks. "That dock there, believe it or not," she said, pointing, "went through my cocktail bar."

Beyond Marathon the Keys began to take on their normal appearance. The mangroves were in full leaf, there were no piles of debris and only an occasional toppled tree. The city of Key West, at the end of the 108-mile string of islands, was on the perimeter of the storm and escaped with minor damage. The big problem there was a water shortage. A pipe line carries fresh water down the length of the Keys, and it was washed out in many places. Repairs were made swiftly, however, and Key West was able to come to the aid of the stricken middle Keys. Visitors this winter will find the famous old city looking about as usual.

A piano teacher's loss

Reconstruction of tourist and travel facilities is only one aspect of the recovery problem facing the people of the Keys. The rebuilding of private homes will be a slower process. Many houses were destroyed, and their former occupants are living in a makeshift fashion with friends or in trailers set up beside the ruins. One piano teacher lost 80% of her pupils because their pianos washed away.

Only preliminary surveys have been made to determine the effect of the hurricane on wildlife. At the Cowpens Keys, the small islands in Florida Bay where normally some 75 pairs of roseate spoonbills nest during the winter, only 32 birds have returned so far. A hasty check of the Everglades National Park indicated that 40% of the great white herons were missing from the park area.

The hurricane winds were so strong that they blew the leaves off the trees. For a couple of weeks after Donna passed, only bare, brown limbs rose above the scene, giving it an even more dismal air. But now, bright, young leaves are sprouting fast, and as they do the hope of the people continues to rise. The trees are green again, the sky has the deep blue of the tropics, and the calm waters reach out from the Keys in all shades of aquamarine. There are 764 kinds of fish to be caught in those waters, and where you have fish and boats you will have fishermen. Soon they will be rolling down the Overseas Highway by the thousands, and when they come the Keys will be ready for them.

END



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A LEGEND COMES TO LIFE:

Mark Catesby

by ROBERT CANTWELL

More than 200 years ago an unknown artist tramped the American wilderness painting birds, animals, fish, shrubs, flowers, and creating one of the rarest of rare books. This, the first extended account of his life, and illustrated with Catesby's own paintings, is the result of four years' work in English and American archives. It reveals a naturalist of epochal importance who has long been only a legend

ON A TYPICAL SUNDAY near the end of September in the year 1712, William Byrd, the greatest Virginian landowner, went to church as usual, ate roast beef for his Sunday dinner as usual and in the evening, as usual, settled down in his library to record in his diary the events of the day.

Also as usual, he had nothing to say. He had carefully worked out a cipher—it was so good that more than 200 years passed before it was decoded—so he could write down the most private matters, and when the plantation slept he was free to relate the deepest secrets of its life. But secrets were few and far between, and Byrd, for the most part, found himself recording in code such facts as that he had eaten mutton, beef or veal for dinner or that he had a cold in his head.

On this pleasant Sunday evening, however, Byrd was interrupted in his library by a guest shouting that he had seen a bear. The guest was a newcomer to Virginia, a 30-year-old Englishman named Mark Catesby, of whom little was known except that he was an artist with an unparalleled interest in all sorts of everyday matters—buffaloes, wild flowers, weeds, plants, anything and

everything that was native to the American continent. To William Byrd a bear was about as commonplace as a woodchuck, but he was a courteous host, so he got a gun, and in company with a man named Tom Something (the diary could not be decoded at this point) went out to hunt bear. Byrd's estate, Westover, lay near the James River, 20-odd miles from Williamsburg. It had a vast lawn, trimmed gardens, exotic fruit trees on the grounds, and ornamental ironwork, imported the year before from England, that is still regarded as a world masterpiece of its kind. Beyond these expensive gates the cleared ground ended suddenly in dark swamps and woodlands. There, indeed, was the bear, just where Catesby had seen it. Byrd gave the visitor his gun, Catesby fired, the bear fell dead and the party went back to the house. And Byrd recorded in his diary (in cipher): "It was only a cub, and he sat in a tree and ate grapes."

Presently it dawned on William Byrd that whenever Mark Catesby came to the plantation he always had something of interest to write down in his diary. Like all the great planters of his time, Byrd was trying to import the old English architecture, traditions, customs and social habits intact into the New World, but Catesby insisted it should be the other way around—the products of the New World ought to be transplanted to the Old. He was constantly stuffing his pockets with feathers, roots, seeds, berries, acorns and cuttings, packing barrels with common American weeds and wasting his time painting commonplace subjects like the delicate purple flowers that bloomed on sweet potato vines.

continued



Exquisite detail in Mark Catesby's paintings, subtle colors and childlike designs freely linking beasts and flowers startled the Old World with the freshness of the New



On one occasion Catesby insisted on showing Byrd a hummingbird nest at the edge of the plantation. Preoccupied with his effort to live like a dignified English nobleman on a country estate, Byrd was uncertain as to why he should pay attention to such matters—hummingbirds in Virginia were as common as wrens in Europe. But when he examined the nest through Catesby's eyes, he found it to be quite extraordinary, the most remarkable creation of the architecture of birds, made of a kind of lichen pressed to the softness of felt and bound together with cobwebs. On another occasion, "We walked about the garden all the evening," Byrd wrote, "and Mr. Catesby directed how I should mend my garden and put it into better shape than it is at present." Byrd was a wealthy and powerful man; he was converting his plantation home into the finest mansion in the colonies, modeled strictly on an English manor house; and he must have felt that it was presumptuous of his unknown English visitor to tell him what to do.

But Mark Catesby had seen a vision that carried him away, and he was haunted by the thought of converting American wild flowers and shrubs and trees into garden plants—great avenues of live oaks and banks of begonias and azaleas that would make the gardens of the New World the most beautiful in existence. Byrd was a bewigged, stiff and pompous gentleman, but Catesby's enthusiasm was such that Byrd began planting tulip poplar trees and other wild growths on his lawns. Almost 250 years have passed since the night Catesby popped into the library with word that a bear was outside, but the trees Catesby persuaded Byrd to plant at Westover are still growing there.

As a matter of fact, the catalpa trees that Catesby planted in the Chelsea Physic Garden in London are still growing there, too. Precisely who first introduced what plant into another country is invariably a matter of dispute, but Mark Catesby either first raised in England or played a part in introducing dogwood, sassafras, locust and other trees, as well as laurels, acacias, lady's-slippers, lilies, skunk cabbage, and other flowers, weeds and shrubs. If others imported the American products it was largely because they had been inspired to do so by reading Mark Catesby's books.

Part of William Byrd's trouble in dealing with Catesby was that he did not really know who he was. Catesby was present at Westover only because he was the brother-in-law of the Secretary of State of Virginia, not because he possessed any standing of his own. In this respect, Byrd shares a contemporary puzzlement—people today do not know who Catesby was, either. In a few reference works on natural history, or in a biographical dictionary of painters if it is unusually exhaustive, there may be 10 lines:

CATESBY, MARK (1679?-1749?), author *The Natural History of Carolina, Florida and the Bahama Islands*, 1733-1743; and *Horae Brevissime-Americanae, or A Collection of 85 Curious Trees and Shrubs, the Productions of North America, adapted to the Climate and Soil of Great Britain* . . .

and so on, hardly the sort of thing likely to send readers running to find out more about Mark Catesby, or to buy his books (they cost quite a bit now—about \$2,500). Even authorities on natural history who say that Catesby's work was of epochal importance admit they know little about him. There has never been a biography of Mark Catesby. No portrait is known to exist. There has never before been an extended magazine article. The most complete is a 10-page study by Elan Guerdum Allen of Cornell, published in 1931 in the *Transactions of the American Philosophical Society*, a remarkable work of scholarly pioneering, but one that deals only with Catesby's work as an ornithologist.

It was Dr. Allen who discovered the record of Mark Catesby's birth. He was born on March 24, 1682 and lived in the home of his grandfather at Castle Hedingham in Essex, about 40 miles from London. His father was the mayor of the town of Sudbury. His mother was born Elizabeth Jekyll; she was the granddaughter of a famous historian of Essex. Eight miles south of Castle Hedingham was the home of John Ray, a founder of modern scientific botany, who was then classifying all English and European animals, birds, fishes and plants. In some fashion not known, the boy came to the attention of Ray, then in his old age, and the great naturalist, according to a contemporary, "inspired Catesby with a genius for natural history."

MARK was the youngest in a family of seven children. The oldest girl, Elizabeth, defied her father and married Dr. William Cocke, a recent graduate of Cambridge University. Elizabeth was "a pretty sort of woman," as Byrd described her in his diary; it is on record that she was marrying without her father's consent and against his wishes. Dr. Cocke was a friend of Alexander Spotswood's, the new Governor of Virginia Colony, and it was not long before Dr. Cocke arrived in Williamsburg. That was in 1710, and Dr. Cocke left his wife and children in England in Mark Catesby's care while he established himself in the colony.

He accomplished this with phenomenal speed. While Dr. Cocke ostensibly was practicing medicine, he was really Spotswood's aide and adviser, and the Governor appointed him Secretary of State, judge of the admiralty court and a member of the Virginia Council. All the other members of the council, which was directly responsible to the crown, were men in Byrd's station of life, and in begging Queen Anne to approve his appointment of Dr. Cocke the Governor explained that the landowners lived so far from Williamsburg that it might be difficult to assemble them in an emergency. Byrd would certainly have been incensed if he had known this, for he never missed a meeting of the Virginia Council, but he had so little knowledge of what was going on that he thought Spotswood had promised him the appointment of Secretary of State. He did not know that Dr. Cocke had been appointed until a letter from England told him the news. It arrived on the same ship that brought Mark Catesby, who was taking care of his sister and her children on the voyage.

continued

Byrd was beginning to smolder about Spotswood's double-dealing when Dr. Cocks, his wife and Mark Catesby arrived at Westover. They exerted themselves to charm him out of his irritation with such effect that they were asked to remain for a week, and then in the fall came back for a month's visit. The summer ended in a mellow glow of golden days, and the vision began to form in Mark Catesby's mind of the great work that was to occupy him for the rest of his life. "The declining of the heat begins to be perceived by the coolness of the nights," he wrote quaintly. The weather grew so moderate and the air so serene that it reminded him of southern Europe. The tempo of southern life changed subtly, a hidden animation coming with fall. It was on September 18 that Byrd first lit a fire in the great hall of Westover. Game began to be served more frequently (a favorite dish was fricassee of opossum). Great flights of bluewinged teal swept in from the north. They were beautiful birds with black heads, glossed green and violet, flying fast and descending suddenly, a native American bird which Catesby was the first to paint. They were preferred to all others by Virginians, and after Byrd had served him bluewings, Catesby wrote, "All who have eat of them give them the preference of all of the Duck kind for delicacy of taste."

Behind the bluewing came what Catesby called the white-faced teal, the subject of one of his finest paintings. Then came vast flights of Canada geese, the most common species of all, in heavy, straggling V-shaped formations, led by an old gander, hoarsely honking. Summer duck could be found on Virginia ponds, moving in small flights of three or four birds and nesting, as Catesby was the first to point out, in hollows in tall trees, often in holes made by woodpeckers. The most beautiful of all ducks, they were unforgettable for the wild crowing sound that the sentinel bird gave at the first sign of danger. Then there was the buff-headed duck, sometimes called the butterball, with black wings and back and a glossy green velvety head with a rounded crest, remarkable for the velocity of its flight.

None of these creatures had previously been painted. Few had been described. The general impression prevailed in England that the American climate was stormy and cold, the forests gloomy and dank, the wild creatures savage and dangerous. When Catesby arrived in

Virginia he had no fortune, no trade or profession and no training for the work he wanted to undertake, but he was childlike and direct, with the unadulterated perception of obvious wonders that often escapes informed and sophisticated people. He wrote that the air was fresh and clear, the skies cloudless, and all around lay "the most delightful Prospects imaginable." The southern woods, dense with their luxuriant summer foliage, became more beautiful as the leaves dropped. Masses of shining black berries formed on the sassafras trees, attracting multitudes of birds. The berries of the yapon turned bright red, a shade they would retain all winter. Catesby combined flowers, animals, seeds and berries into brilliant and spectacular patterns, with wilting flower petals expiring like the melting watches of Dalí's early surrealist paintings. The laurel tree brightened with purple and

scarlet seeds and pods. The red oval berries of the dogwood and the dark glistening berries of the tupelo were as brilliant as flowers. On the bay-leaved smilax, against the pale green background of the leaves, clusters of black berries ripened in October, a favorite food for the crested jay, or the "blew jay," as he called it.

For three days in a row a single flight of passenger pigeons passed overhead, the birds flying southward with great speed and steadiness, the sky full of them from one horizon to the other. Under the full moon the sounds of the wilderness changed: the blue herons, nocturnal feeders, grew fat and silent; the whippoorwill cried its name, accenting the last syllable and making a chucking sound after each cry; the bellowing of bullfrogs, some of which grew 16 inches long, was audible a quarter of a mile away. And

wolves were numerous. "They go in droves by night," Catesby wrote, "and hunt deer like hounds, with dismal yelling cries." In the luminous shadows people sat on the lawn at Westover, enjoying the cool air, the men teasing ground frogs with the bright coals of their cigars, which the frogs confused with fireflies. The night birds moved overhead with vagrant wild sounds; owls hooted in the swamps; and there grew slowly in the mind of the artist the conception of an immense unspoiled wilderness, stretching away north, south and west, thousands of miles under this benign sky, adorned and enriched with unknown wild plants and animals, and surely "no contemptible Scene of the Glorious Works of the Creator."

Why, thought Catesby, should he not be the first to picture it in all its infinite color and variety? He would



Hérons added color to Carolina swamps

show to good Queen Anne the beauty of her American dominions, heretofore either concealed from her, as from all her royal predecessors, or the subject of evil reports. So it came about that Mark Catesby became the first of many gifted people to be moved by the enchantment of the American South, to present its magic and to spend a happy life in its behalf.

For 10 years he hiked through the forest, carrying his portfolio and his box of colors, painting acacias and buffaloes, wild ducks, alligators, game fish, flying squirrels, bullfrogs, rattlesnakes, butterflies, sweet potatoes, live oaks, hickory trees, blackberry bushes, turtles, crabs, honeysuckles and hundreds of then unknown American products. He usually stayed in plantation houses. We know a little of what his life in them was like, from the account in Byrd's diary. (It was decoded in 1941; a librarian at the Huntington Library in California discovered some of Byrd's jottings on the margin of a law book that gave the key to his cipher.) Catesby was in high spirits, in Byrd's account, interested in everything and constantly bursting into song. He was interested in the kind of wood that Indians used in their bows, in the chinkapin nuts that ripened in the fall and tasted better than chestnuts, in the acorns of live oaks that the Indians used for thickening venison soup, in the grain of the rosebay tree, the most beautiful he had ever seen, resembling watered satin when worked into cabinets. He was fascinated by the ivory-billed woodpecker (now extinct or on the verge of extinction), a majestic bird, as large as a domestic rooster, with a curious trumpet call, and so powerful it could cut a bushel of chips in an hour. He was disappointed to find that the American fox was no different from the fox in England, but he appreciated the raccoon because of all creatures it was most like the fox in subtlety.

The boredom of Byrd in his library was incomprehensible to Catesby. He was interested in the sweet gum tree because it exuded a fragrant resin "which by the heat of the sun congeals into transparent resinous drops, which the Indians chew, esteeming it a preservative of their teeth." He was equally interested in the pellitory, or "tooth-ach" tree, the subject of another fine painting: its leaves, he wrote, "are aromatic, very hot and astringent." He noted that they smelled like oranges and were used as a remedy for toothache. The first time he saw a flying squirrel he thought it was a dead leaf blown among the trees by the wind, but in the fall woods he found them gliding almost in flocks.

When the poorer people of Virginia went to the coast in the fall to make their wonderful "candle-berry" myrtle candles, Catesby went along. "A man with his family will remove from his home to some inland or sand banks near the sea where these trees most abound, taking with him kettles to boil the berries in. He builds a hut of palmetto leaves, for the shelter of himself and his family while they stay, which is commonly three or four weeks. The man cuts down the trees, while the children strip off the berries into a porridge pot; and having put water on them, they boil them until the oil floats; which is skimmed off into another vessel. This, when

continued



Catesby's designs of fox and flower . . .



. . . were vivid as his butterflies and weeds

cold, hardens to the consistency of wax, and is of a dirty green color. Then they boil it again, to clarify it in brass kettles, which gives it a transparent greenness. These candles burn a long time and yield a grateful smell."

He was interested in learning that dogs reacted in different ways to the scent of the skunk, which he called the "pol-cat." Some were so stricken after being sprayed that they could not hunt for a long time. Others dug their noses into the earth and soon recovered their powers of scent. No end of folklore and genuine knowledge had accumulated around American animals, but had not been written down. Like many a later observer, Catesby came to believe that the song of the mockingbird was the loveliest in nature; he was interested in learning that the Indian name for the "mock-bird," as he called it, was the *concontatoloty*, which means "400 tongues." (Since it is now known that there are about 400 species of birds in the area where the mockingbird ranges, the Indian name was surprisingly apt.)

Catesby painted more than a hundred different species of American birds, most of which had never been pictured before and for the most part were not known to exist. During his first trip to Virginia he sent back to England 70 different species of plants, most of them unfamiliar and 35 of them altogether unknown. He painted about 40 fish, a dozen animals, 87 plants and shrubs.

There is a very curious gentleman here," Governor Spotswood wrote unkindly to London. If he regarded Dr. Cooke's brother-in-law with caution, it probably was because he felt Catesby might have powerful friends at home. It seemed likely, could hardly be determined and is still a puzzle. For instance, when Catesby and Byrd visited the English fleet, they were received with honor, 120 guns being fired in the course of the day as they went from ship to ship—balm to Byrd's spirit and something really memorable to put down in his diary. Catesby was poor, and he had none of the usual signs of connections with rank and authority—yet when his first volume came to be printed he had 12 sponsors, or backers, who met the cost. The most prominent was Robert Harley—a friend of Swift and Pope, the first employer of Daniel Defoe, head of the ministry and Queen Anne's favorite. The second most prominent of Catesby's backers was James Brydges, the Duke of Chandos, the patron of Handel. The third was Dr. Richard Mead, who attended Queen Anne on her deathbed and became physician to George I. Mead was an authority on poison, the owner of a garden of rare plants, for whom Catesby named a newly discovered shrub and to whom he sent American species. The others

generally were scientific figures, like Sir Hans Sloane, the founder of the British Museum, and William Sherard, who started the study of botany at Oxford.

HAD they been the greatest figures in the kingdom they could not have offered Catesby what he found in the American wilderness. There he lived in peace with nature, beast and man. "To the Hospitality and assistance of friendly Indians I am much indebted," he wrote to the Queen, adding, "The first art of the Indians at signs of an approaching storm was to erect a shelter for the protection of my brushes, paintings, paper and



In spite of bad habits, the "pol-cat" intrigued Catesby

material." He declared that the blossoming woods, adorned with elegant plants and fragrant as perfume, were bright, beautiful and a solace to the agitated spirit of man. True, there were rattlesnakes, but he argued that even the poisonous snakes of the New World were superior to the poisonous snakes in other British colonies, as they invariably gave warning before striking.

So Mark ambled cheerily westward, to look into the headwaters of the James. Thirty miles upriver from Westover he passed the last civilized outpost, where Byrd was later to establish Richmond. There were a great plenty of wild geese, groves of majestic oaks and black walnut trees, and in the foothills small forests of chestnuts and chinkapins, on whose acorns many bears were feeding. He amused himself chasing them, running and waving his arms, in order to watch their ponderous, nimble grace as they ambled away. It may have been on this trip that he saw buffalo, watching them as they fed in the open plains in the morning and—as the day grew sultry—slipped silently into the thickets of tall cane beside the streams. At the same time that he saw them, he discovered the acacia, and when he came to

continued

What have you heard about METRECAL* the new concept of weight control?

Since Metrecal was introduced several months ago in powder form, and with its more recent introduction in liquid form, many people have learned of its effectiveness by word-of-mouth.

This factual report provides accurate information on Metrecal—what it is, what it is not.

In September of 1959, Mead Johnson & Company introduced a new product to the medical profession under the brand name Metrecal. It was developed to provide physicians with a new technique for use in judicious weight reduction of overweight patients.

We wish to stress the importance of the physician in problems of weight loss and control. This is particularly the case for individuals who are tremendously overweight, patients with disease of the kidneys, and patients with various forms of heart and blood vessel disease.

In view of the broad public and medical interest in weight control, many persons have learned of Metrecal by word-of-mouth, hence, this factual statement.

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Extensive clinical studies, conducted under medical supervision, have shown an average weight loss by Metrecal users of approximately one-half pound per day for periods up to six weeks. Some lose even more.

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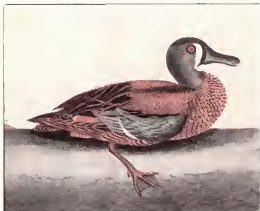
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Bluewing teal was Catesby's favorite among American ducks

MARK CATESBY *continued*

paint the buffalo years later he put the plant and the animal on the same plate.

After this wilderness trip in the fall of 1714, Catesby's footprints became hard to follow. His niece Anne Coe had grown up and married Major William Woodward, the founder of the famous Virginia family, and Catesby spent some time at their plantation on the Rappahannock. He traveled up and down the coast, for he mentioned the extreme northern point at which certain plants were found. He was convinced that the wealth of the New World was such that the colonial policy of England should be directed away from the old conflicts of Europe and toward the infinite promise of America. Even more than this, he came to believe that there was a natural affinity between England and America. When he had started American plants growing in Britain, he said that within a single lifetime "a small spot of land in America has furnished England with a greater variety of tree than has been procured from all the other parts of the world for more than a thousand years past."

Back in England in 1719, Catesby showed his paintings to Caroline, the future queen. She was no Queen Anne, but she was kindly and intelligent, and placed Catesby's project under her royal patronage. In his dedication of his work to her, Catesby said that he was happy to be able to show her a little of what the New World was really like, despite the limitations of his training and skill. An arrangement was made for him to study botany, finances were taken care of by Sir Hans Sloane and William Sherard, who agreed to pay for specimens Catesby would send them, and by subscribers for the book he would publish and he again set out, reaching Charleston

on May 28, 1722. Spring was far advanced, and he was astonished to find an even more glowing world than the spring of Virginia. The dogwood, magnolia, sassafras, persimmon and wild cherry trees were in bloom, great masses of white, rose-colored and delicate yellow blossoms. The shiny green leaves of the rosebay tree were now a background for fragrant white flowers, and every day new buds burst into blossom—or "blew," as he phrased it—like the loblolly bay, whose white blossoms "blew" in May. Then the begonia bloomed, still an unknown plant, growing on the shady banks of streams, on vines 20 or 30 feet high, bearing great cinnamon-colored flowers, bright yellow within. There was also a shrub five or six feet high, with stiff leaves of glistening green, that bore delicate white and red flowers. "As all plants have their peculiar beauties, it is difficult to assign to any one an excellence excelling all others," he wrote, "yet I know of no shrub that had a better claim to it."

This was a plant he called the *Chamaedaphne folia Tini, floribus ballotis umbellatis*; it appears to have been laurel, and in July 1741 he succeeded in getting one to blossom in his garden in England.

MARK CATESBY is believed to have planted the magnificent avenue of live oaks before Ashley Hall in Charleston. He certainly spent a lot of time at the plantation of Colonel Bull on the Ashley River, for he found the dahoon holly there, "in a bog much frequented by alligators." He discovered the purple-berried bay tree farther up the Ashley in the curious little town of Dorchester, a settlement of wealthy refugees from Puritan New England. And he spent a lot of time at Newington Plantation outside Charleston. He wrote that there, as the servant was making his bed one winter morning, she found a rattlesnake between the sheets. The snake had sought warmth during the night, and "how long I had the company of this charming Bed-fellow," Catesby commented, "I am unable to say."

The demands of Sloane and Sherard for specimens grew onerous. Catesby was now 40, and finding it less easy to get through the woods alone. He wanted to buy a slave to help carry his supplies, but Sloane would not advance the money. Catesby again headed into the interior, to the headwaters of the Savannah, probably almost to the border of present-day Tennessee, unquestionably to be out of reach of his subscribers. He lived for some time at Fort Moore, far up the Savannah, and at a trading post on the river, now Silver Bluff, Ga.

His work now lacked something of the spontaneity of his earlier period; almost half of his second volume was made up of pictures of fish, for which he had no liking

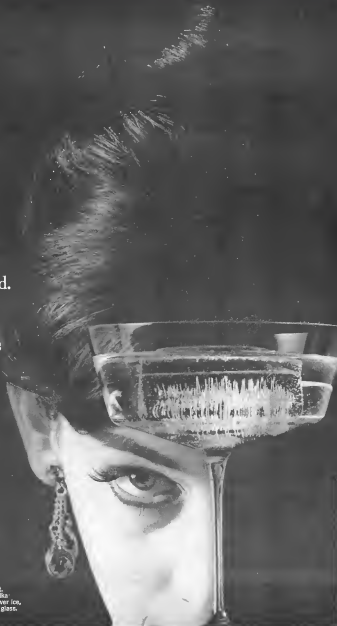
continued



I
knew
right away
I would
like you.
You're so
simple
and
uncomplicated.
Vodka,
Rose's
Lime Juice
and a
single
island
of ice.
What do
they
call you?
Gimlet?
Why that's
a perfectly
adorable
name!

Gin is also great for the Gimlet.
Recipe: 4 or 5 parts gin or vodka
to 1 part Rose's Lime Juice, over ice,
in an old-fashioned or cocktail glass.

IMPORTED FROM ENGLAND



and the result was dutiful and conscientious rather than inspired. An opportunity came to him to go to Mexico with a physician, and he was eager to leave; Sloane, however, insisted that he go to the Bahama Islands, where Sloane himself had worked in his youth, and complete the catalogue of natural history there that Sloane had not finished. Catesby spent several months there, but his dissatisfaction was evident in the rather perfunctory paintings of crabs, seaweed and tropical fish.

When he returned to London he faced ruin. He had contracted to give his subscribers colored plates of his work, and in making arrangements with artisans in Amsterdam found that he would be liable for far greater costs than his subscribers had paid. He managed, with incredible labor, to produce his work otherwise: a refugee French artist, Joseph Goupy, was a pioneer in making inexpensive reproductions of old masters, and he taught Catesby to engrave his own plates. The two volumes were large, almost two feet long, with 100 plates in the first volume and 120 in the second. Catesby colored each plate by hand. Since there were 156 subscribers, it meant that he had to color 156 copies of 220 engravings, or 34,320 plates. The work took 20 years.

Catesby married, fathered two sons, was elected to the Royal Society and was also a member of the Gentlemen's Society, to which people like Sir Isaac Newton belonged. The list of subscribers to his second volume was astounding: Lord Baltimore, the Earl of Derby, the Queen of Sweden, the envoy of Her Imperial Majesty of Russia, the Prince of Liechtenstein, the Princess of Wales, the Earl of Bute (for whom Catesby named a beautiful flower, the Stuartia, which he discovered), and a hundred more as eminent. Only a few copies came to America: to Thomas Penn, to William Byrd, to Oglethorpe, to Catesby's sister and to John Bartram, the Quaker botanist. This volume remained in Bartram's Garden, and when Alexander Wilson, the ornithologist, was teaching school nearby, it became one of the sources of inspiration for his own great work on American birds (SI, Dec. 24, 1956).

In his old age Catesby became a sort of elder statesman of natural history, consulted by people who wanted to know about America. When the Swedish botanist Peter Kalm, for whom the kalmia, or mountain laurel, is named, journeyed to the American colonies he first visited Catesby at his home in London. Kalm left a pleasant picture of the old man with his honesty and lack of affectation. They fell to talking about mixed drinks—were the mixed drinks that people drank in

America baneful or beneficial? "Mr. Catesby said that his experience had been as follows. At one time they drank punch made of strong brandy, or rum and water with much sugar in it, but only a little lemon juice. The effect was that after a time they got a kind of paralysis, which was such that they could not hold anything in their fingers. They began to reduce the quantity of brandy and sugar, and put lemon juice in it, after which they did not get such troublesome paralysis."

All of those glimpses of Catesby add up to a picture of a nearly blameless character, richly deserving posterity's esteem. At his death in 1749 *Gentleman's Magazine* wrote in its obituary that he was greatly lamented as "the truly honest, ingenious, and modest Mr. Mark Catesby."

Why, then, did his measure of fame disappear so quickly and completely? First, of course, by the time of his death the conflicts of the colonies and the mother country were reaching serious proportions; it no longer made sense to talk of a fusion of their societies. There was something toxic in the English attempt to transplant their ways intact into the New World, symbolized by the ailing Byrd in his library, translating Sallust and recording in cipher in his diary that his digestion was troubled. Catesby might have been an antidote to the poison, with his interest in a life of variety and promise, but he could only attempt to per-

suade—he could not impose his vision on the English.

There was another factor, too: his name. Mark Catesby could never have got a respectful hearing from the mass of Englishmen, no matter what he said. He had the misfortune to be descended from the instigator of the Gunpowder Plot. It was Robert Catesby who is credited with the lurid scheme to load the Houses of Parliament with gunpowder, kill the king and found a new order based on a few carefully preserved Catholic peers. When the plot was discovered, Catesby was shot resisting arrest, Guy Fawkes confessed under torture, and the hostility between English Catholics and Protestants was deepened still more. Since Robert Catesby was a traitor, his great estates near Daventry were seized and distributed among royal favorites, and the Catesby name virtually disappeared.

It happened that Robert Catesby's widow had a little property in her own name, left to her by her father. By Mark Catesby's time, 80 years after the Gunpowder Plot, the family had come back a little. Mark Catesby, however, knew he could never become a popular figure. He wrote his books hoping for just one reader, the Queen herself, and with just one hope: that she might share his dream of turning England away from the decaying past toward the bright-blooming future.

END



CATESBY'S CATALPAS, brought with wild plants to Britain, are still growing in Chelsea Garden.

FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BASEBALL—**TAIYO WHEELS** defeated the Daewoo Cosmos four straight games to win the Japan World Series. Considered underdogs, the Whales won all four games by one-run margins: 1-0, 3-0, 6-1, 1-0.

SAN FRANCISCO GIANTS, off on a 16-game tour of Japan, stopped at the Nipponia Dome enough to lose the Nipponia All-Stars 1-0 and 2-3 in two-game series. In their first two games in Japan, San Francisco lost to Tokyo's YOMIURI GIANTS 1-0 and to the Japan All-Stars 2-1. All-Star centerfielder KENJIRO YAMAZU hit a single to center field to score the winning run in the bottom of the sixth.

BASKETBALL—After the first six games in the National Basketball Association, the CINCINNATI ROYALS led the Western Division with 17-11 record, while the Los Angeles Lakers lead the Eastern Division with 16-10 record. The Bulls of Chicago led the Central Division with 15-11 record, and the Philadelphia 76ers led the Atlantic Division.

BOATING—**PATTI POWELL** and **VICKI ZAPFATT**, two 19-year-olds from Stockton, Calif., drove a 19-hp, 10-foot outboard boat to third and overall victory in the Elivestor Coast Cup at Oahu's Maui.

BOXTON UNIVERSITY captured Coast Guard America to win the Danvers Trophy, sailed in one-man dinghies on the Thames River at New London, Conn.

BOYING—**EMILE GRIFITH** won an Ironed T&O over South Africa's Will Toor after first knocking Toor out of the seven-day tour, then, in a second round, he won 4-0.

REYNA HAN, 18-year-old dartsman over Randy Sandy, after beating him 1-0 in the fifth and first legs in four rounds with one hand, middle-left, Detroit.

GABRIEL ELONDE of the Philippines, world junior lightweight champion, retained his Olympic title with a 10-0 win over Japan's Masahiko Shimomura of Japan, at Manila.

CARLOS HERNANDEZ, 19-year-old dartsman over Carlos Hernandez of Canada, at Caracas, Venezuela.

BILLY DESMOND, 10-year-old dartsman over Don McDermott, at Seattle, Seattle.

CHESS—U.S. defeated Lebanon 4-0 in the match round of the chess Olympiad at Leipzig, East Germany, to take the lead in series for all the tournaments. The U.S. also beat Lebanon 4-0, Cuba 2-1 and Ireland 4-0 in earlier rounds.

FIELD TRIALS—**HOMERUN** BESS, 39-year-old white-and-gold player owned by Claudia Phelps of Aiken, S.C., won the national open playmate championship at Baldwinville, N.Y. Fred Aron, major runner-up. Little Fireman, a player owned by Dr. T. A. Little of Aiken, S.C., runner-up. Fred Aron, major runner-up. Little Fireman, a player owned by Dr. T. A. Little of Aiken, S.C., runner-up. Fred Aron, major runner-up. Little Fireman, a player owned by Dr. T. A. Little of Aiken, S.C., runner-up.

GOLF—**TOM ROBINSON**, 67, of Pleasant, N.C., defeated 21 winners Brown of Sea Girt, N.J. 2-1 and 1 to win the third and sixth senior championship at Pinehurst. Robinson is the first player to win the tournament twice. He won first in 1958.

HANDBALL—**OSCAR ORTIZ** of New York defeated his national semi-final title, defeated Howard Rosenberg 21-15, 15-21, 21-7 in championship at New York.

HANDBALL RACING—**THE SILK** (193.00), representing Canada, won the 350,000 United Nations Trust at Yokohama by half length over Streamline. Streamline is a crowded field that saw the first five over the wire less than a length apart. The Canadian mare finished the 1 1/2 miles in 2:08. Philip Daniels, driver.

ADOLF BUTLER (35-60) finished 2-4 at a length ahead of a fast-moving Hilda Hoover to take the second leg of the 275,000 American Placing Chase at Hollywood Park. With Eddie Cook driving, Adolf Butler scored the win in 1:57 3/5 over Roy Boyd, winner of the first leg. Butler took the final leg of the chase will be held Sunday, Oct. 20.

HOCKEY—**JACK MCCARTAN**, New York Reg. and coach, scoring, playing in his first game this season, shut out the Chicago Blackhawks 2-0 Friday in the week the BLACK HAWKS beat the Cleveland 4-2 to move into first place, but after

their loss to New York and a 2-2 tie with Boston found themselves out for first with Montreal, who took Montreal and the Rangers for a 4-0 victory. For the Rangers it was their first loss in six games. Detroit had a 1-0 victory over the Chicago Blackhawks 3-1 to Toronto, but held on to third place in NHL standings.

HORSE RACING—**HARMONIZING** (37:07) pulled ahead more than two lengths ahead of Bold Eagle in the major stakes of the year in the \$115,000 Man of War Stakes at Belmont. Under Tony Danza the 3-year-old gelding chased out over the 1 1/2 miles in 2:30 1/2. Bold Eagle, favorite with Bold Eagle, finished third, six lengths behind the winner.

BOWL OF FLOWERS (34:40), running first at mid-point of the backstretch, took to the outside and pulled to the wire half length in front of Angel Speed in the \$175,000 Godolphin Stakes at Garden State Park. The 3-year-old filly ran the 1 1/2 miles in 1:46. With Showman up.

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4—Roy R. Levine 9—George by James Hays 11—

19TH ROLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

DIP AND DOFF

Sirs:

The Pittsburgh Pirates should dip their pennant and Rocky Nelson should doff his cap to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED.

I have a strong feeling that your April Scouting Report on Rocky was at least partially responsible for this earnest, deserving ballplayer connecting with the Pirates—and coming on to do his best—both in the season and in the Series.

R. W. STALKER

El Paso

Sirs:

The gratitude of all Pittsburgh fans goes out to you for your fine coverage of the 1960 season in general and the Pirates in particular.

ROSS KENNEY

Coatesville, Pa.

Sirs:

Your story of the home run that won a pennant was a gem (*The Day Bobby Hit the Home Run*, Oct. 10). Then, just a week later, another historic homer won a wildly exciting World Series. Is someone on SI's staff psychic or do you use a crystal ball?

THOM CORNELIUS

Chicago

MEMORY TEST

Sirs:

GILBERT ROGIN'S STORY (*You're Looking at Sports*, Oct. 20) IS A SHOCKING DISPLAY OF HIS LACK OF REPORTING ABILITY. THE STATEMENTS ALLEGEDLY MADE BY ME IN REFERENCE TO THE ST. LOUIS HAWKS' PAST COACHES LO MAZALEY AND ALEX HANNUER ARE COMPLETELY UNTRUE. BOTH OF THESE MEN ARE REPRESENTATIVES OF THE FINEST PRODUCT OF THE NATIONAL BASKETBALL ASSOCIATION. ANY DIFFERENCES EVER EXISTING BETWEEN THEM AND MYSELF WERE OVER HONORABLE ISSUES AND DECENTLY WEREWORDED WITHOUT REPRISALS OR FURTHER ILL FEELING BOTH MEN STILL STAND HIGH IN MY ESTEEM.

ASIDE FROM CHARACTERIZING ME AS A SUPERIOR COMRADE, WHICH OFFERED HIM IS NOT WARRANTED FOR FURTHER THOUGH, I RESIST MR. ROGIN'S UTTER LACK OF ACCURACY RESPECTING THE HAWKS' TREATMENT WHILE IN MILWAUKEE AND THE REASONS THE TEAM CAME TO ST. LOUIS.

BILL KERNER

St. Louis

● Mr. Kerner's memory is faulty. Mr. Rogin was accurate.—ED.

NE PLUS ULTRA

Sirs:

Having seen softball catcher Dot Wilkison in action (*PAT ON THE BACK*, Oct. 17), we would say that she is the finest ballplayer, offensively and defensively, male or female, we have ever seen.

CHARLOTTE & ED MULLFORD
Monroe, Conn.

IRISH IRRE

Sirs:

When you ridicule hurling, perhaps the oldest field game recorded in literature, you insult the whole Irish nation (*Irish Sport Is Happy Mayhem*, Oct. 10).

It is not, as you maintain, a reckless game with "almost no rules." It must have 150 rules. Nor is it a brand of warfare.

P. BEES

Playas del Rey, Calif.



HURLING: PACIFIC PRECISION

Sirs:

You display a deplorable lack of taste. SHAYMUS O'BREUDAIR

Los Angeles

HORSES, HORSES

Sirs:

I can't tell you what a great pleasure it was reading Catherine Deinker Brown's wonderful story (*How to Keep 'Em Down on the Farm*, Oct. 17).

I love horses, too, and like the race—but I have never, in my 55 years of watching races, known or cared too much about trotters and pacers. Now I must pay more attention.

M. LEVENTHAL

Jackson Heights, N.Y.

Sirs:

The absurd wholesomeness of the article and your apparent love of harness racing over "running horses" is sickening.

JOHN O'LEARY

Milwaukee

1 X 2 = 50. ETC.

Sirs:

You say two holes in one by Dr. J. E. Ailor were "a real first" (*PACERS IN THE CROWD*, Oct. 10). I have compiled hole-in-one records for a third of a century and at least 49 other golfers have shot two in a single round.

JOHN M. PIPES

Big Spring, Texas

Sirs:

The New York Yankees closed out the season with a "15-game winning streak, for the longest pennant-winning finish in history." So you say (*SCORECARD*, Oct. 10).

If my memory is correct, the Chicago Cubs of 1935 finished the season with 19 straight wins, to now out the Pirates on the last day of the season, and win the pennant. I have no records available to prove it.

CHARLES W. SALTONSTALL
East Woodstock, Conn.

● It was in 1935 that the Cubs won 21 straight games and the pennant, but the winning streak was broken before the finish.—ED.

3: THE WHIP

Sirs:

Let's not forget that under fiery Phil Watson, the hapless New York Rangers made the Stanley Cup playoffs twice—so he can't be sold short (*Grudge Arena of Work*, Oct. 17).

As for the new coach, Al Pike, I don't believe he's the answer at all. With so few good players, Pike will have to crack the whip, too. Even then he'll be fortunate to make the playoffs.

JAMES McMILLIN II
Kew Gardens, N.Y.

KARATE'S MANY MOODS

Sirs:

Karate does not "stress attack," as you stated (*SCORECARD*, Oct. 17). Three fundamental rules are drummed into the head of every karate student: 1) use karate for self-defense only; 2) never use it except in emergency; 3) let your adversary strike the first blow.

Furthermore, karate is not merely a means of defending one's self. It is also a way of life—its ritual and principles reflect many of the ideas expressed in Buddhism and other Oriental religions.

DAVID BRADGON

Boston

DON'T TELL ME

Sirs:

My wife and I have just returned exhausted from a 16-day trip through five countries shepherding 52 people on a "trial of nerves."

We must agree that Art Rosenbaum's *My Missed Tour* (Oct. 24) is factual, terrifying, humorous and thoroughly delightful.

W. MURRAY MITTEN
Travel Editor
The New-Journal Co.
Wilmington, Del.

Nothing shaves like a blade—

that's why Sunbeam puts 3 real blades in this great new Shavemaster shaver—to give you a closer, smoother, more comfortable shave than any electric ever could before.



1. Basic new design shaves you with three permanent, self-sharpening blades.



2. No matter how you hold it, it's shaving at the right angle—can't miss a whisker.



3. The rounded Shavemaster head really gets into all the tough spots.



4. Only blades can give you an electric shave so close, so fast, so comfortable.

THIS new Sunbeam Shavemaster delivers a shave so close, it has to be compared with the results of a straight razor or the sharpest safety blade.

It uses no clippers, no rotaries. Three real blades, locked in place inside the head, shave your beard—however it grows—cleanly, smoothly and fast. No electric could ever shave so close, so comfortably before.

You don't have to spend weeks getting the "hang" of this new shaver! Its rounded

head fits easily into every contour of your face. No matter how you hold it, its quick-cutting blades are shaving you at just the right angle.

It has every convenience, too—an on-off switch, sideburn trimmer and a head that flips open for easy cleaning.

Electric shaving has changed. And this is more than our opinion. It is the conviction of every man who uses the new Shavemaster. Dealers have it now, for you to try.



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PAT ON THE BACK



OAKLAND WOMEN'S ROWING CLUB

A lovely, leisurely pace

The Oakland Women's Rowing Club has a little joke that goes like this: "Some ladies bend over their kaiting; we bend over our oars." And, as may be seen above, that's exactly what the ladies of the OWRC do every Wednesday—after first saluting the flag and singing *God Bless America* on the shore of Oakland's Lake Merritt.

The ladies row cumbersome whaleboats, quite an accomplishment considering their average age is 58, with one member "right around 80." The club itself is 40 years old. "We proceed two miles at a leisurely pace," says President Ida Holmes, "and we stop occasionally and salute each other by crossing oars. We gab about missing

members and what's for lunch. We spend the afternoon playing whist."

The club is fiercely competitive—or would like to be. "Only we can't find any competition," says Mrs. Holmes. "Maybe in New York some ladies would like to race us up the Hudson. Maybe in New Orleans some ladies would like to race us up the Mississippi. All our members are lovely people. We'd go almost anywhere for a good race."

Once on a routine outing on Lake Merritt the ladies did find themselves in a race—a race against fate. Fortunately they reached a capsize boat in time to save the life of a hapless young man who could not swim. He was a sailor in the U.S. Navy.

YESTERDAY

Bobby's barnstorming bust

A postseason dream team trip soon turned into a nightmare

by JOHN M. ROSS

WHAT killed the traditionally lucrative baseball barnstorming tour as a big moneymaker? Television, of course, did its part by making the big league players familiar in every home. But those who remember will swear that the extraordinary fate that befell the biggest tour of all was also responsible: the nightmare of Bobby Riggs' "All-Stars" in 1950.

Riggs, the former great tennis champion and then tennis entrepreneur, had made a handsome profit promoting the Jack Kramer-Pancho Gonzales exhibition tour the year before. He was all set to launch Gussie Moran on the pro tennis circuit in 1950, and he figured there was still more money to be made in a touring major league baseball squad. He and his partner John Jackyrm conceived an extravaganza that would feature the National League All-Stars vs. the American League All-Stars in a 32-game traveling series.

The plan of signing all the bona fide all-stars faltered at the start, however. Ted Williams went fishing. Joe DiMaggio was tied down by television and radio commitments. Stan Musial signed but begged off because of a leg injury. But even without those headliners the promoters were able to recruit two star-studded squads of 18 men each.

When the team gathered in Montreal for the first game of the tour, the sun was shining brightly, and the advance ticket sale was brisk. By mid-afternoon, however, the skies darkened, and it started to rain. It was still raining when the squad chugged out of Montreal, leaving all that fine Canadian money behind.

The rain followed them to Syracuse. Happily, it cleared by dinner

time and permitted the playing of the inaugural game. But the damage had been done. Only 3,200 showed up in the dampness.

The advance sale at Toronto, the next stop, was the heaviest in the history of the ball park. The rain was heavy, too, and the game was called off. After two trips to Canada, the All-Stars had nothing to show but heavy expenses and wet feet.

They finally got good weather when they arrived at Chicago for a game at Comiskey Park. But the presence of the All-Stars was a well-kept secret. Only 3,050 people turned out.

In Cincinnati, too, the weather was perfect for the Saturday night game. But shortly after dinner there was a mass exodus from Cincinnati in the direction of a college game in neighboring Kentucky. The collegians sold out. The All-Stars drew 3,500.

For the Sunday afternoon game at Forbes Field, Pittsburgh there was also excellent weather, but the team's luck ended there. Pittsburgh was in the middle of a newspaper strike, and they went into the town absolutely cold. The reception was cold, too. Exactly 2,685 wandered into the park.

As the disaster mounted, the thought of leaving two potential sell-outs in Canada unclaimed aggravated the promoters' wounds. They decided to juggle the schedule so that they could take one more shot at Toronto before heading south for the second leg of the junket. To accomplish this they had to charter an airplane.

A few hours before the departure for Toronto, however, an airline official called one of the promoters to pass along the news that the squad had no plane ride in prospect. The airline didn't have permission to fly into Canada. Somebody goofed, he explained.

It was too late to charter another plane; too late to make a train connection. Determined to get back to Toronto, the promoters hired two

continued

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buses. The thought of making a six-hour bus trip did not sit well with the players. They were big leaguers and felt their bus days were behind them.

It was a warm, sunny day when they started out, however, and it looked as if the All-Stars would finally get that payday in Canada. But when they hit the outskirts of Toronto, everything turned black. The sun disappeared into a dense fog, and as they moved closer to the city, the visibility was reduced to almost zero. The bus slowed down to 10 mph, and the team arrived at Maple Leaf Stadium just before game time.

The night that greeted the players at the stadium was amazing. About 7,000 people waited patiently for the gates of the hall park to be opened. The fog was so thick it was impossible to see second base from home plate. The gates were opened for the crowds, and the players suited up. For the next hour and a half the troupe tried to amuse the fans while waiting for better visibility. But the fog remained.

Clyde McCullough made a suggestion. "Tell the fans we'll try to play if they want to stay and watch. Anything hit to the outfield will be a ground-rule single."

The announcement was made. The fans could have their money back, but if enough remained the All-Stars would try to play. Six young boys stayed in their seats. The others streaked for the refund windows. It was the first time in 17 years that a game had to be canceled in Toronto because of fog.

In the South the All-Stars looked forward to warm weather and big crowds. And they counted heavily on recouping some of the staggering losses so far in Miami. The promoters there assured the troupe they'd have at least 15,000—very likely more.

But before the squad could reach Miami a hurricane got there first. The game, which had been publicized for weeks, drew 3,800.

That did it. The tour was disbanded the following day at New Orleans, with the players being paid off at a rate of 50% of their contracts. After playing 13 games, the All-Stars had drawn only 32,000 admissions. The flop cost Riggs and Jacklyn \$66,000—but they didn't complain. They were happy to get out alive. **END**

Which Harvey Schmidt painting would have been the best advertisement for Armstrong Tessera Corlon Floors?



A—We asked Harvey Schmidt to do a fashionable modern painting on fashionable modern Tessera Vinyl Corlon. He did three. Decisions, decisions! This one, on a background of style 86531, has a lot of merit. It shows off Tessera's nubby texture and delicate colorings splendidly. Its freshness expressed Tessera to a T.

C—This one ignores our original headline, but has delightful verve and vivacity. It also shows one of the variegated Tessera colorings 86539. "It does a great job for the random chip design. Shows its intricate, interwoven look," said one critic. "One of the monochromatic stylings would do that better," argued another. Controversial!



B—Our original headline was: "Sit down and talk to your architect or decorator about Tessera Corlon." (More "sell," you'll note, than our present headline.) This Schmidt fits that idea, with style 86535. It displays more floor, too—a point in its favor. And it hints at the interesting things Tessera does for any room.

D—Then somebody wanted to show the chips in actual size. So here's a bit of Schmidt A. But only a sample can show Tessera's real character. Send for one. Write Armstrong 6010 Weston Rd., Lancaster, Pa. In Canada, Dept. 100-S, Box 919, Montreal, P. Q.

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